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AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

I DARE say that there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the Editor of a Magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft.—He is not subject to the rejections and mortifications which sometimes fall to the lot of less potential persons, and has the power of patronising his friends and annoying his enemies just as much as he pleases. All this is very true, but, to my sorrow, I must dispute the inference. I was once, in a dark hour of my fate, induced to become the Lord of one of these great creations myself, and, though I was deposed immediately after the publication of my first number, I obtained quite enough experience to turn pale at the sight of a proof-sheet ever after. I set to work with the determination of being popular, and encountered the cares and fatigues of unriddling hieroglyphic manuscripts, and patching up broken sentences, with the constancy of a literary martyr. I hunted in holes and corners for genius in obscurity, that I might display it to the noon day, and I felt my heart warm at the gratitude with which I was about to be rewarded. I reviewed new publications, paintings, and performances of all descriptions with the tenderness of a parent to the first pledges of his fondness; I was on both sides in politics; and I never received a communication from the veriest ass which was not attended to as punctually as a love-letter. One would

have thought that with so many claims to universal good-will I could not fail of obtaining it. Alas! after fidgeting and fevering myself to a skeleton, I discovered that folks of my calling are something in the predicament of house dogs, which are not only cursed for every honest bark they make, but mistrusted and vilified even when they fawn for favour. Before I was in power I was considered a good sort of a person enough, and had as many friends as most people. I could walk the streets without thought of danger, and go about my business without fear of criticism. In one brief quarter of a year I have outfallen the fall of Phaeton. I have not only made no new friends, but have lost all my old ones. I cannot show my face without being hooted like an owl by day-light, and shall never again put pen to paper without seeing each miserable sentence drawn and quartered and hung up to public view as the remnants of the malefactor, who presumed to lord it over his betters. Expostulation is out of the question. A blockhead who has undergone the scratching out of a sentence is as impatient as though it had been his eye; a manuscript which has been returned is morally certain of becoming wadding for a pistol; and I look upon all the obligations which I have conferred as so many thunderbolts which are destined to crack my ex-editorial crown. In addition to all these grievous circumstances, the numerous assurances

which I have received of the fallibility of my judgment, have altogether destroyed the confidence which I used formerly to repose in it. I feel shy of hazarding an opinion upon the merest trifle, for fear it should be disputed. My taste, vision, and hearing, seem totally different from those of other people; and had I not materials to prove what I have here advanced, I doubt very much whether I should have ventured to say a word upon the subject. Fortunately, when I commenced my editorial functions, I bought a huge band-box to hold contributions. The favours of my friends soon crammed it to splitting, but when store-houses of this kind come to be threshed out and winnowed, it is astonishing what a cloud of chaff is produced for every particle of solid grain. My whole treasury was expended in my one campaign, and I set about filling my box (which has been the very box of Pandora in every thing save the article of Hope) with the first fruits of it. It is now, if possible, fuller than it was before, and if the reader likes the samples I am about to give him, I will feast him as long as he has an appetite. The first *morceau* I have laid my hand upon is from a gentleman to whom I wrote—"The Editor of the ——— Magazine presents his compliments to Mr ———, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his Essay on Pathos, which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return."

The reply to this polite billet is as follows:

"SIR,—I am extremely glad to have my Pathos again, as it was only sent for the support of a Magazine which has no chance of succeeding by its wit. At the same time, I must inform you that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself (in private circles) to submit my works to the judgment of one who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion that my Essay on Pathos has

great power, for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back, and I think it right to inform you that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the ——— Magazine; and remain, Sir,
"Your's, &c. &c."

One would have thought that the indignation of this lover of dulness, with whom I had the misfortune to feel so little sympathy, would at any rate have been counterbalanced by the kind words of those whose effusions I had printed in preference. But no such thing. The same post brought the following from a young beginner, who had entreated that I would do him the favour of cutting down and altering his papers as I thought best; and I vow that, in my fatherly anxiety for his reputation, I spent more time upon them than I did upon my own.

"Dear Sir,—Pray be kind enough to inform me which are my articles in your last number, for they are so altered that I do not recognize them. I have no doubt that they are a great deal the better for it, and am excessively obliged to you, and extremely sorry that it will not be in my power to forward any more contributions. Please to beg your publisher to send me his account, as I am going to take in another Magazine—and believe me, dear sir, truly yours.
———."

The next little note was left at my publisher's with an article "to be continued," which would have filled a decent-sized folio volume.

"Sir,—I have left the accompanying paper for your perusal, and shall be obliged by an answer respecting its admissibility into your magazine by to-morrow morning. Yours, &c."

The next day I received another billet to inform me that my reply was of extreme consequence, and that, in fact, the author did not understand such unwarrantable delays. On the third day I returned the MS. with a polite note expressive of my sorrow at my total inability to get through

it in less than a month—which drew forth the subjoined.

“Sir,—You have done me a most serious injury. Had you returned my MS. in due time, I could have disposed of it to a publisher who has now had leisure to change his mind. I am determined upon having ample reparation, and, if I do not hear from you by return of post, shall most undoubtedly place the affair in the hands of my lawyer. I remain, &c.”

This, I believe, cannot fail of being thought a little unreasonable, but, if so, what will be said of the next, which was written by a son of Apollo whom I had lauded out of pure friendship to his calling.

“Sir,—I have just seen in your Magazine a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which you have materially injured the sale by misleading the public opinion. You call it sublime, when, in fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruination to me. I will defy you or any one else to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton’s. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties, and the consequence is that nobody will read it.

“My friend Mr —, the artist, is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like Claude, or Nature, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The colouring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are *not* well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence, and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sun-rise. I remain, &c.

— — —.”

My next epistle is from a young spark who was one of five hundred recommendations which came pour-

ing in from my friends in all parts of the globe. The youth was described as the youngson of a country squire, a fine young man who was thought by his mother to possess great talents, which, of course, I should have abundant pleasure and advantage in bringing forward. He had never, it appeared, scribbled a line in his life, and was sent to me like a block, fresh from the timber-yard, to be hewn which way I pleased. What could I say in such a case? I asked him to dinner, and told him that I would apply to him when I had occasion. In a fortnight after, came the cursed twopenny postman with—

“Dear Sir,—I have been waiting impatiently to hear from you, according to promise, being anxious to set to work. I have been staying all this time at a hotel, doing nothing, and at a great expense upon the score of the Magazine, and my friends in the country are anxious to see some of my works. Pray let me know what I am to write, for it is all one to me, by return of post, and believe me, &c.”

I wrote immediately, and regretted exceedingly that I had been the means of detaining him in London, assuring him at the same time that the press of matter would not possibly permit me to avail myself of his talents for some months at least. In about ten minutes, came the following answer.

“Sir,—This is what I won’t stand. I have been staying in London at your particular desire, and now I’m to be told you don’t want me. I shall send you my bill at the hotel as soon as it is made out, and if you don’t pay it I’ll see the reason why.

“Yours, &c.”

The foregoing are a mere taste of my treasures. I have complaints, and revilings, and expostulations, and challenges, and all sorts of entertaining things, on every subject and in every style imaginable; but what I have already given is quite enough to maintain my opinion of editorial comfort. I will only add one communication from my publisher, by way of a climax.

"My dear Sir,—Here is the devil to pay! It is absolutely necessary that you should give up the editorship of the Magazine. I am aware that no one else can possibly conduct it so well, but the hue and cry which is raised against you by our correspondents, and the consequent falling off in our sale, are not to be withstood. Pray see the reason of this, and give me the pleasure of your

company at dinner on Sunday, to meet a party of your predecessors, who have each in turn been unfortunate enough to give similar dissatisfaction. Believe me, very truly,

"Yours, ———"

"P. S. You had better not come to me on a week-day, as there are several persons waiting for you in the shop, who had better not be suffered to catch you ———."

THE WIDOW FAIRLOP.

I HATE stout people. Nature, I am certain, intended the whole cumbersome breed to have gone extinct with that obsolete monster, the Mammoth. They were created, clearly, to inhabit the vast barren blanks of the antediluvian world: not to encumber with repletion, our modern cities and towns. One of them is too much for a metropolis. In London, A. D. 1825, they, (the Giants) are out of both season and place. They ought to herd together like the elephants and rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, and inhabit the deserts idle of the earth; they should seek out fitting solitudes, like the whales, and not flounder in our populous shallows. They are irksome, if not dangerous, to our thronging millions. It is neither delicate nor fair, with their disproportions, to thrust themselves as they do upon our narrow highways and byeways; to dam up our small courts, and straight alleys. They ought not to engross, as they are accustomed, our neat houses and gardens, our tables and benches, our *spare* beds; above all, our public mail coaches, and flying stages. Our trim elastic vehicles, like "cany waggon light," are not adapted to such preposterous freightage—our safety-coaches are not safe under such burthens—only the old double-bodied machine, long since obsolete, was competent to the transfer of such enormities. Waggon carriage, the conveyance of the bulky in the days of Fielding and Smollet, hath lamenta-

bly declined in fashion: but then are there no navigable rivers? no canals? no barges? If not for the transporting of the Blacketts and the Lamberts of the earth, I wonder why water carriage was invented?

I have my eye, especially, in this lecture, on the Mistress Fairlop. Oh! worthy of the huge oak, her namesake was the circumference, of that largest of widows! I should be afraid to write down any guess at her girth, or an estimate of her tonnage. What must not her husband have been to bequeath such a *relict*? A Titan doubtless, for she was too monstrous for any meaner embrace. She was infinitely too large an object for mere human love; if it were not, besides, notoriously, a timid and humble affection. What a hand for any meek passion to sigh for! What a waist to have hoped even to encompass! "Give me but what this girdle bound," applied to *her* girdle, would have seemed neither refined as a compliment, nor modest as a request. What a face was here to dwell (unless to *reside*) upon! What a pelican-chin to have toyed with! What a bosom! What arms! What a trunk! The Wisbeach Day Coach, in which for the first time, I conceived or beheld such a Titaness, groaned under the intolerable weight. Our co-travellers panted and pouted, if they did not openly cavil, at her unreasonable bulk. One of our overstrained cattle dropped dead upon the road. At last she condescended

to be set down, and I exchanged with her a joyous and final farewell, (at least so I hoped it was) at Ware. She intended, I understood, to sleep there, and she was worthy of its broad illimitable bed. Our acquaintance, however, had only commenced. Nature, in one of her wayward moods, had bestowed on one of her hugest offspring a violent desire for migration and travel. It was in her inclination to have ascended Mont Blanc, or to have journeyed over land to India, which her bulk forbidding, she was contented to be shifted about from place to place in caravans and stages. In consequence, within a month from our first encounter, I and the widow Fairlop again found ourselves, face to face, in the same vehicle, on a Saturday's journey to Hemel Hempstead. She was still in her weeds. Her bonnet, hung with deep crape, in dimension an ordinary bed-tester, overcanopied her ample face: her convex body was clad in its wonted sables, and looked like a bombasine balloon. A dozen packages, the least of them a bundle, reposed in the amplitude of her lap. From her bulk and her garb, she might have been taken at a first glance, for the goodly Widow Blackett of Oxford, whom Elia hath immortalized, as well as compressed, in one of his admirable essays. But she had none of the womanly softness of *his* gentle giantess. Mine had no thin feeble voice—no small feminine conversation—no delicacy—no timidity—no tenderness. She was altogether magnified,—as Gulliver complained of the Brobdignagians,—into coarseness. I was disappointed when we stopped at Edgware, the coachman there taking on a pair of supplementary horses, under pretence of a hill, at her choosing only a simple half-dozen of cakes. It would not have misbecomed her to have called for a quintal of biscuit. Her voice was loud—stentorian,—she did not speak, but bellowed;—and gave this large utterance to big, bold words. Her person matched with, but could

not outvie, the jolly breadth of her jests, and slimness and gentility of person were especially the subjects of her mirth. Her serious stories were monstrously extravagant,—her lies, great gross ones like herself. Her estates in various counties and shires were prodigious,—her establishments immense,—her personals in proportion with her person. Her diamonds were large as paving stones; her pearls big as egg plumbs;—and they ought to have been so,—the trifling hair bracelets she wore being oft-times buried and lost, in the amazing plumpness of her wrist. Her cumbrous pomp at last oppressed me. Would to God she had still maintained the carriage of her own, which she affirmed she had lately laid down—a gentle phrase of course, for her having crushed it! Her bulk smothered me,—my spirits fainted under the real and assumed greatness. My co-travellers sympathized with my annoyance. In a clear space, the world might have seemed “wide enough for us all;” but a coach did not. On sleek Primrose Hill, or beside it, with a proper vantage, we might have borne with her bulk; but in our cramped area, where we could see only her—and yet not all of her—she was too much for our horizon. Her voice stunned us—we gasped for air. One corner of the coach, tasked far beyond the resistance of springs, preponderated fearfully against the wheel. The machine groaned:—the horses panted:—now labouring with a cloud of steam, up a gentle ascent on the hither side of Watford. The coachman blasphemed, conscious of having lost exactly fourteen minutes and a half of his allotted time on the road; but hoped to make up for the deficiency, by taking advantage of the ensuing declivity.—Only for that imprudence, must he be joined in the guilt of our catastrophe with the Widow Fairlop. His cattle, pushed into unusual speed, became incapable of check, urged on as they were by the irresistible impetus given to the coach by the weight of its enormous inmate.

—In fact, it outran the horses, swerved to the side of the road,—lunged,—tilted,—balanced, equipoised for half a second, and, in ordinary cases, would have righted, but the weight of the Widow, our evil genius, prevailed,—and the vehicle fell over!—

Then rose from earth to sky the wild farewell!

The crash, however terrific, was not loud enough to smother a tremendous groan,—the common voice it might be of six suffering “insides,” but rather to my ear, the proportionate emission of one enormous shattering body. For my own part, whether oppressed by the whole bulk of that incumbent being, or only of a leg or arm,—I had no breath either to moan or cry. “The weight of twenty Atlantics lay above me.” I was crushed by Jaggernaut’s waggon—I was buried under the Pyramids. And crushed too, like Cheops,—into a pinch of dust. I wonder, supposing me to have perished, whether Mr M. the coroner for Hertfordshire, could have imposed a deodand on the Mistress Fairlop?—I fear not,—though I am informed that Messrs Waterhouse and Co. the proprietors, intend to dispute the payment of damages—(when Mr R. the attorney, shall bring his fractured tibia into court), on the ground, that they should be charged on the overwhelming Widow.—And, were I a jurymen on that question, she should bear a moiety of assessment—so help me God!”

To return to our condition.—Four of my fellow travellers, whom fortune had cast uppermost, were extricated through a window;—myself, meanwhile, lying senseless,—at least of their departure.—The fifth was more painfully liberated, her accommodating bulk had so jammed itself into nooks and recesses. Fortunately, during the labour, she was passive, had she kicked or struggled, I must have been annihilated.—My own turn succeeded—and here I cannot help remarking a difference which attended on our several exits.—

When the widow emerged, every hand, every arm, and there were many present, was extended to help her—whereas, when I scrambled forth, I was not tendered the aid even of a finger:—not, I am persuaded from any backwardness of humanity—but from a mistaken notion, in comparison with the giantess, that I was aerial—buoyant.—The bye-standers would as soon have thought of uplifting a butterfly.—It was just as natural a feeling as mine, when I alighted, that I was not safe even on terra firma with the Widow Fairlop. Her first care on feeling her feet, had been to enquire for her packages; and a bag of crushed oranges,—extempore marmelade, was delivered into her hand. A bonnet shape followed

If shape it could be called, that shape had none;

and her bundles, compressed like so many biffins, were distributed around her feet.—“Here we are,” quoth she, all safe!” Me, in particular, she singled out to stun with her boisterous congratulations, and proffered to wring hands with me on what she was pleased to call our providential escape. But I declined it:—I could neither sympathise with her disproportionate gratitude, nor join with the voice of a bullock in her pious ejaculations.—With a slight hurried farewell, which I prayed might be an everlasting one, I bade adieu to the Widow Fairlop.

It is now twenty months since that parting, and I have not yet recovered from my injuries:—my unhinged mind, especially, hath never regained its tone. I would not read again that History of a Stout Gentleman, by Washington Irving, with his portentous entrance into the mail coach, for a thousand pounds. The remembrance of my own stage catastrophe still haunts me—and daunts me. I am ridden by perpetual nightmares. I have dreams of hippotami, mammoths. Daniel Lambert, heading a whole lumber troop of kindred giants, stumbles over me.

Sometimes I am trampled, methinks, by herds of buffaloes and wild elephants:—anon, I am passed over, on Holborn-bridge, by hour-long processions of waggons and ponderous brewers' drays. Tuns of Heidelberg topple upon me;—Pelion with Mount Ossa, pick-a-back, is heaped upon my chest. In my lighter visions, I am only deposited with the coins and inscriptions under the foundation stones of hospitals, Methodist chapels, and new churches—These are my horrible nocturnal phantasms:—by day I am rendered only less miserable by realities. Clumsy Yorkshiremen, of sixteen stone, beset me in the streets: I am jostled by Big Ben; and Bitton, the corpulent Jew pugilist, pesters me continually,—as though *I* could ever patronize bruising—to take tickets for his benefit. The pestiferous large race are as swarming as they are intrusive. In church,—at the little Adelphi,—on St Paul's. I once encountered one, where I could have vowed the thing impossible—in the strict, narrow, niggardly thoroughfare of Passing Alley. Twice have I forfeited my fare in long stages, on account of a corpulent companion;—and I once refused to proceed in a Richmond steam packet, from a dread, absurd enough, but invincible, of our being swamped by an overgrown Wapping barge builder. My interest suffers with my pleasure: I am disclaimed by a wealthy, unmarried uncle, just dying of a dropsy, because I cannot

bring myself to visit him;—I have broken with the oldest of my bosom friends, because unfortunately he was the plumpest. Bear with, Courteous Stout Reader! and pity, my involuntary infirmity!

Who loves fat people must himself be fat.—

I must have favourites, like Cowper's Hares,—that are called, or might be called, *Tiny* and *Lightfoot*.—I can enjoy my small delights only with the small. The mouse does not keep company with the elephant,—nor the frog with the ox. I must have creatures of my own size,—or less,—for my affections. I can dote on manikins—dwarfs—bonnie Scotch wee things—but I abhor giants.

Sprites!—Elfs!—Fairies!—darling Minimi!—whither are ye flown?—Delicate Pygmies,—why are ye extinct? The traditionary *cranes*,—if any kin to those which over hang our wharves,—were meant for the removal of a more ponderous race!—But nature to spite me takes the best first. Crachami, the minute,—the ethereal,—the Ariel, the all-but invisible girl, is, alas! no more,—whilst Mrs Fairlop,—the monster!—still lives to encumber the earth!

She is lately gone,—I am informed,—to the Continent;—and truly she was “too big for an island.” I doubt, even, she is too large for our planet. She is a world of herself,—and ought to get a sun, and an atmosphere of her own. MASTER SLENDER,

A TREATISE ON PRECISION, AS IT REGARDS STYLE, LANGUAGE, AND THE DRAMA.

PRECISION teaches us how to omit in conversation and writing what the man of taste or letters deems superfluous, but without encroaching, at the same time, upon what is indispensably necessary to the sense. Hence, it is a kind of economy in language, which we are more willing to commend than to practise. Some rhetoricians, indeed,

have passed it over in silence, knowing that it could obtain little credit in those schools where the masters display their powers to greater advantage by the display of useless ornaments. We must distinguish it from conciseness, which is one of its branches; but the latter consists more in a paucity of words, and brevity of sentences, than in a perfect

harmony between the thought and expression. Conciseness may be either true or false, clear or obscure, but precision must be always a clear image of the idea which it expresses. It is the result of vigorous, mental powers, and, consequently, of distinct and accurate perceptions. As it affects social life, it is the language of that law which prescribes, and of that power which commands; whilst, in the sciences, it is the end and perfection of logic and definition.

It is only from strong, analyzing, and rigid minds, that a thought escapes pure, and naturally in the most compact form, like iron from the sledge. History makes us acquainted with a nation, so rigidly moulded by wise institutions, that this attribute of a few highly gifted men, became, at length, natural to, and characteristic of, the people at large. The term laconic still reminds us of the brief and poignant language of the Spartans. The nation that now excels in conversation is indebted for its superiority, in this respect, to the secret it possesses of abridging every thing, and giving the greatest number of ideas in the shortest space. The dislike for repetitions and circumlocution, regulates, in France, as it did formerly in Sparta, the laws of conversation. It may appear surprising, that the Lacedemonians and the French should attain the same end; but if the effect be alike, the causes are different. The lively and impatient disposition of the latter nation, and the few inversions to be found in their language, oblige every man of taste or fashion to be precise. But as the direct construction of the sentence discovers its meaning from the first words, and as the apt intelligence of the natives seizes it at once, and is anxious of attributing to itself the honour of this prompt apprehension, they are obliged, in dialogue, to have a corresponding quickness of thought, under pain of being interrupted by some, and of proving tiresome to all. This observation is verified in a contrary sense in the language spoken on both sides of the

Rhine, where a single grammatical circumstance renders the patience of the auditor equal to the tediousness of the speaker. In order to perform this prodigy, it is sufficient to place the negative particle at the close of the German sentence. The most impassioned auditor waits with patience the development of a whole period; for he cannot tell until he has heard the last word, whether it will be an affirmative or a negative. I know not whether it be the national character of the Germans, that has produced those habitual suspensions which distinguish their language; or whether it be this peculiarity in their language, that has insensibly influenced, and ultimately formed their character; but I know, that if the French were obliged to submit all at once to such a restraint, they would soon change either their syntax or their mercurial temperament.

Precision, which is foreign to the protestations of love, the confidence of friendship, the liberty of the epistolary style, and the sophistry of diplomatists, meets also with many legitimate obstacles in eloquence, poetry, and the drama. Whenever we speak simultaneously to several persons, it is fit that we should adapt our discourse to the attention of the most frivolous, the intelligence of the most simple, and the tardiness of the most inapprehensive. When many minds are to be won to one point, what a variety of tones, what an assemblage of images, what repeated assaults must be made against dispositions whose prepossessions are various, and whose prejudices arise from very different causes? Thus the pulpit, and the political tribunal, have recourse to various means, and arm themselves occasionally with vehemence, grace, authority, imagination, and argument.

Poesy, on the other hand, naturally fond as she is of digressions, loves to dwell amid the luxury and splendour of her own creations, to scatter around her, with lavish hand, her riches and her pleasures; and, like her sister, Music, to impart her melody to all the turnings and inversions

of her well-finished periods. The dramatic muse explains every thing, under pain of being obscure, and produces illusion and sympathy by the number and exactitude of her details. Forensic debate is still less favourable to precision, which is so dear to judges, but so offensive to pleaders, and of all the qualities of the barrister, is that for which he is sure to obtain the least recompense. Precision, however, is so powerful an ally to human reason, that we frequently find it make its way into those kinds of subjects, which seem, of all others, the most directly opposed to the exercise of that faculty. Poetry, for instance, admits of it in epigram, satire, and didactic precepts: it has stamped some admirable maxims upon the coin of Corneille, and stolen many keen proverbs from the prolix muse of Gresset.

Even grace in writing has its precision, nor would melancholy interest so strongly, if it were not for its silence; whilst negligence, the most changeable of all literary beauties, ceases to please when it is prolonged. Can we forget, too, that philosophy, which prides itself in affording such a deep knowledge of precision, was celebrated in the Portico, which seemed erected but in order to exalt the activity of the soul, and the love of man, which gave Marcus Aurelius a throne, and placed, in the bosom of wisdom, a heart for pity, and in that of heroism, a feeling for virtue. At the theatre, if reason takes expansive views of the passions, it perceives at the close, as at the approach of cataracts in a vast river, the necessity of contracting its powers, and willingly signalizes its last efforts, by those lively sallies, and simple, yet sublime touches which characterized the genius of Racine. The orator himself is lavish of his illustrations, only to arrive, with more certainty, at more urgent, more pressing, and more persuasive arguments; and to conclude like Demosthenes, what he commenced like Isocrates. In proportion as he fears, at the opening of his career, the barrenness

of precision, so does he invoke its energy, on drawing to a conclusion. Like the wrestler, who gathers his body, and all his muscles, to terminate the strife by one great effort, so the orator, previous to his parting from the audience, seizes on a mighty weapon, a sword of double edge, which he knows must leave a lasting trace behind it. I know only two modes in the action of delivery, that are absolutely incompatible with precision; one is the intention of deceiving, or empiricism; and the other, improvisation. Unless charlatanism conceals its false logic under the ambiguities of a dead language, it must have recourse to a thousand windings and turnings, in order to weary the attention, dazzle the weak, and take credulity by surprise. Sometimes, it is true, a more audacious imposition is practised upon an audience, through means of laconic apophthegms; but, in this case, the language assumes the mystic, oracular form; and so far from being precise, is actually obscure. Under the cloak of empiricism, we meet with sophists of every kind and degree, who exaggerate truth when they do not belie it; and here the sectarian spirit frequently discloses itself, when it disclaims the pride of more liberal principles. Both are very naturally the great enemies of precision, and this critical remark has not escaped the observation of the author of the *Henriade*: "*La profusion des mots*," says he, "*est le grand vice du style de tous nos philosophes et anti-philosophes modernes*." I am strongly inclined to place after these a class of innovators in literature, who seem to possess an equal attachment to amplification; I mean the new founders of poetical prose. Vague and affected sentiments, erroneous thoughts, expressed in improper terms, and descriptions of too high and extravagant a colouring, present elements at variance with every idea of justness, nature, and truth. I forbear casting other reproaches on a deviation from nature, so weakly founded, as I am aware that the ridicule of late imitators has

sufficiently exposed the erring talent of their primitive models.

Improvisation, when it attains, by long and attentive perseverance, that summit of perfection which entitles it to this name, is either a very happy, or a very unfortunate endowment. Let the orator, moved by passion, or the professor, rich in acquired knowledge, employ it rationally, and without outstepping the modesty of nature, and I shall share in his inspiration with delight. But, if a statue of the improvisator undertakes, at my command, to model sounds upon whatever subject I may prescribe to him, I immediately cease to feel the inspiration of his magic, and can only allow him my astonishment. The artifice of the enchanter consists in gaining, by the mechanism of amplification, sufficient leisure to think and reflect as he proceeds.

That luxury of expression, which is produced with so much labour by the closetted rhetorician, will be found, on the contrary, to be a repose and assistance to the extemporary speaker, during the tumult of his spontaneous effusions. It is sufficient to observe, that precision, in his mouth, would be at variance with nature, as it would require an effort of mind, of which the human powers are totally incapable. If ever this art become a profession, it will probably be under the auspices of a language that offers little difficulty to composition, little harshness to melody; and which it is difficult to render concise, though capable of all the graces of softness and elegance, and spoken by a people that excel in comprehension and versatility of mind.

Precision, thus modified by the character of men, and the nature of compositions, merits also to be observed, in as far as it regards the progression of languages. Few wants and few ideas cause nations, in their infancy, to converse in the most simple language. If, by chance, a more delicate shade enters their minds, they can give us, by their painful circumlocution, but a very imperfect

notion of it: and if they are struck with the sight of a great object, they cannot express it, but by a common image; for they limit all their experience to a few gross adages, and their recollections to some signs, badly sketched upon stone or metal. I therefore entertain a doubt respecting the pretended beauties which modern travellers are pleased to discover in the expressions and harangues of savages, or barbarous states; for these judges confound the sublime with what is simply plain, in the same manner as they have lauded, more than once, the deformities of the physical world, under the name of the *picturesque*. Let us not, then, award so easily the honours of precision, to the want of ideas and the difficulties of lapidary writing. Poverty of language is no more allied to precision, than famine to temperance.

The same principle which caused the literature of nations to commence with poetry, has been also the reason why prose, in its compact and precise form, should be preceded by the diffuse style. The law of nations governs also individuals; the vagrant imagination is the property of youth, whilst judicious precision belongs to virility; and we all acknowledge how novices in the art of writing are accustomed to lose themselves in interminable sentences. Time, as it advanced, gave to the Greeks, Herodotus before Thucydides, Plato before Aristotle; and to the Romans, Cicero and Titus Livius, before Seneca and Tacitus. A like order is observed in other countries: with the French Balzac and Pelisson, Dr Aguesseau and Flechier, had displayed their symmetrical expressions before Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Duclos, gave the language a more rapid motion. It is maintained by many that our abandoning the Ciceronian period is a defect in composition, and a sure sign of the decline of the literature of the age. The adoration which has, since the revival of letters, been always paid to the works of the Roman orator, the most of which have

been saved from the wreck of antiquity, has given to this opinion the additional force of a great precedent. Without, however, taking any part in this eternal law-suit between rhetoricians and philosophers, let us only remark, that style ought to be contracted according to the progress of truth, and the increase of language. Wherever civilization exists, the slightest movement of the mind suffices to give a gradual increase to the number of truths already agreed on. What was obscure at first, becomes clear; what was doubtful, is verified; and a crowd of problems are converted into theorems. Thus, innumerable results are introduced into a language, whether written or spoken as determined formulas, whose whole end seems to have a tendency to abridgment; for we know that in set forms, even in those which are composed of algebraic signs, precision takes the name of elegance. We need not then be surprised, if we see a proposition which cost Cicero many sentences, couched in a few words by Seneca; for the former commenced the philosophical education of the Romans with the borrowed talent of the Greeks, and the latter concluded with the notions which Rome had acquired. The contraction so remarkable in the style of Seneca is the necessary effect of time and circumstances, and ought not to be imputed, either in a good or bad sense, to the preceptor of Nero.

If we apply the parallel between Cicero and Seneca to the epochs of French literature, we shall find that one simple phrase from the pen of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, or the president Henault, contains often the substance of long sentences of the seventeenth century. Why should they explain what every one knew, or where was the necessity of explaining what no one entertained a doubt of? The precision of the latter writers arose almost without their perceiving it, from the progress of knowledge, the vulgar application of exact sciences, the intelligence exercised at lectures, and the more gene-

ral maturity of society. I do not deny, however, that, among the writers which preceded them, such as Montaigne, Bossuet, Cardinal Retz, and Madame Sevigné, we meet occasionally with some specimens of an admirable precision; but you may easily perceive that these belonged to the turn of genius, or the vivacity of the mind, and not to the habitual texture of the style. I speak not of Bruyere, otherwise so energetic and precise, because this moralist, being in a great degree exempt from those conditions which constitute style, should be viewed less in the light of a writer than an excellent engraver of thoughts. The revolutions of style offer commonly a succession of three ages. For the want of ideas and words, we at first write little, and that after an indifferent manner;—this is the age of indigence. We afterwards abandon ourselves to the use of all our faculties, and write well and in great quantities;—this is the age of abundance. At last, overburthened with the weight of our acquired riches, we see the necessity of refining and ranging our stores in classes, for the purpose of enjoying them:—this is the age of *order* and *precision*. It cannot yet be maintained that we have arrived at the last mentioned period, but it is what we anxiously desire, and which no doubt we will soon approach. At present nothing stronger can be advanced in favour of the complaint against prolixity, than the sight of our immense libraries. It is found by calculation, that printing adds yearly to these vast mountains of composition at least forty thousand volumes of new works, of which England, France, and Germany, are accused of furnishing not less than the one half. In the midst of these halls of books, where the mind pauses and shudders, as if approaching the brink of a precipice, who would not feel happy if he could separate from the ever increasing chaos what is really useful and agreeable? In waiting, then, for an intellectual reformation which may abridge works, it is but just to observe, that we begin already to

receive books under such material transformations as to render them in a considerable degree less heavy and incommodious than in their original forms. Thus the age perceives so well the necessity of precision, that for the want of it in reality, it amuses itself with the appearance.

THE WISH.

WOULD that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !

My life has been
A chequer'd scene
Of woe and transient happiness ;
My friends are gone,
And I alone,
With none to love me, none to bless.

A carved stone tells
Where my father dwells,
My mother sleepeth in that grave :
The earth contains
All that remains
Of those I could have died to save.

The maid that blessed
This lonely breast,
The spoiler death hath made his prey :
I would I were
At peace with her
Cold dust, beneath my kindred clay.

I saw her die,
And know not why
My heart broke not when her's did break ;

I felt as one
Left all alone—
Like mateless swan upon the lake,

The winding sheet
Is garment meet
For him whose earthly joys are fled ;
When love is o'er,
And hope no more,
Where can he dwell—but with the dead ?

The grave brings peace,
There troubles cease,
There sorrow's wailings never come ;
There heart meets heart
No more to part,
Friends say not farewell in the tomb.

Oh! let me be
At rest with thee
Beneath the hallowed grassy mould!
No worms that riot
Shall break my quiet
When once this aching heart is cold.

Would that my head
Were on that bed
Where all the weary be at rest ;
Where the night is still,
And where no ill
Can pierce the sod that wraps the breast !

FAREWELL.

ONE word, altho' that word may pass
Almost neglected by ;
With no more care than what the glass
Bears of a passing sigh :

One word to breathe of love to thee,
One low, one timid word,
To say thou art beloved by me,
But rather felt than heard.

I would I were a favorite flower,
Within thy hand to pine ;
Life could not have a dearer power,
Than making such fate mine.

I would I were a tone of song,
Upon thine ear to die ;

A rose's breath, that, borne along,
I might mix with thy sigh.

I do not wish thy heart were won ;—
Mine own, with such excess,
Would, like the flower beneath the sun,
Die with its happiness.

I pray for thee on bended knee ;
But not for mine own sake ;
My heart's best prayers are all for thee—
It prays, itself to break.

Farewell! farewell! I would not leave
A single trace behind :
Why should a thought of me to grieve,
Be left upon thy mind ?

I would not have thy memory dwell
Upon one thought of pain;
And sad it must be, the farewell
Of one who loved in vain.

Farewell! thy course is in the sun,
First of the young, the brave:
For me, my race is nearly run,
And its goal is the grave.

FALCONRY, OR HAWKING.

HAWKING, or the art of training and flying hawks, for the purpose of catching other birds, is usually placed at the head of rural amusements, and probably it obtained precedence from its being a pastime so generally followed by the nobility, not in this country only but on the continent. Persons of high rank rarely appeared without their dogs and their hawks; the latter they carried with them when they journeyed from one country to another, and sometimes even when they went to battle, and would not part with them to procure their own liberty when taken prisoners: for, as these birds were considered to be ensigns of nobility, no action was regarded more dishonourable to a man of rank than to give up his hawk. So inseparably united were the ancient sportsmen with their hounds and their hawks, that they actually *took them to church*, as we learn from Sebastian Brant, who very properly reproaches their levity and profaneness:

"Into the church then comes another
sotte
Withouten devotion, jetting up and
down,
Or to be seen and show his garded cote.
Another on his fiste a *sparhawke*, or
fawcone,
Or else a *cokow*; wasting to his shone;
Before the aulter, he too and fro doth
wander,
With even as great devotion as doth a
gander.
In comes another his *hounds* at his tayle,
With lines, and leases, and other like
baggage;
His *dogges barke*, so that withouten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their
outrage!"

In the *Bayeux Tapestry*, earl Harold is represented approaching the duke of Normandy with his hawk

upon his hand; and the ancient English illuminators have uniformly distinguished king Stephen, by giving him a hawk in the like position; which Mr Strutt conjectures was with intent to signify, that he was nobly though not royally born, and the same reasoning applies to earl Harold. Occasionally we find that these birds usually formed part of the train of an ambassador; and the famous archbishop Becket had hounds and hawks of every kind with him, when sent on an embassy by Henry II. to the court of France.

It does not appear the ancients were acquainted with this diversion, and Strutt has not been able to trace falconry to an earlier period than the middle of the fourth century. Among the Anglo-Saxon nobility the sport was in high estimation; and the training and flying of hawks became an essential part of the education of young men of rank. Alfred the Great has been commended for his early proficiency in this amusement; and he is even said to have written a treatise on hawking.

According to Froissart, Edward III., when he invaded France, had with him thirty falconers, on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and "every day he either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his fancy inclined him." The ladies shared the diversion, and were renowned for their fondness for hawking; besides accompanying the gentlemen when engaged in this sport, they frequently practised it by themselves.

The frequent mention of hawking by the water side, made by historians and romance writers of the middle ages, is a circumstance which led Mr Strutt to imagine that the pur-

suit of water-fowl afforded the most diversion. In the poetical romance of the "Squire of Low Degree," the king of Hungary promises his daughter that at her return from hunting she should hawk by the river side, with goshawk, gentle falcon, and other well-tutored birds: so also Chaucer, in the rhyme of "Sir Thopaz," says, "that he could hunt the wild deer.—

"And ride on hawkyng by the river,
With grey gos hawke in hand."

Hawking was forbidden the clergy by the canons of the church; but the prohibition was by no means sufficient to restrain them from the pursuit of this favourite and fashionable amusement.

The recreation was pursued on horseback or on foot, as the occasion required. On horseback, when in the fields and open country, and on foot, when in the woods and coverts. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him, to assist him in leaping over rivulets and ditches, which might otherwise prevent him in his progress. This we learn from

an historical fact, related by Hall; who informs us that Henry VIII., pursuing his hawk on foot, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch, that was half full of muddy water; the pole broke, and the king fell with his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled, had not a footman named John Moody leaped into the ditch and released the king from his perilous situation: and "so," says the pious historian, "God of hys goodnesse preserved him."

Hentzner, who wrote his "Itinerary" in the year 1598, affirms, that hawking was then the general sport of the English nobility; yet so rapidly did this amusement decline, that before the time of the civil wars it was almost forgotten. This arose from the introduction and gradual improvement of the gun; which ensured a greater certainty of procuring game, and rendered all the expense of training and maintaining hawks unnecessary. An attempt to revive the diversion of hawking was lately made by some gentleman of Yorkshire; but with what success we have not yet heard.

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.

The flower that smiles to-day, tomorrow dies—
All that we wish to stay tempts, and then flies.

P. B. SHELLEY.

SCARCELY any thing is more fatal to the future comfort and felicity of men endowed with minds of a keen, but romantic and imaginative cast, than the being deprived by death of the object of an early and ardent attachment; for that acuteness of feeling, which renders the sense of pleasure more exquisite, sharpens, likewise the agonies of grief, and makes them doubly poignant. When such susceptible bosoms are touched with affection, it becomes a part of their existence—the very essence of their being—

"To be beloved is all they need
And whom they love, they love indeed."

They have so long been accustomed to indulge in their passion without restraint, and to yield fondly and implicitly to its delicious influence—to fancy that it will be as permanent, as it is rapturous, and to forget that their beloved may be estranged or separated from them—they have experienced so much pleasure in her every word and look, and have embellished their future intended destiny with such brilliant colours—that the shock assails them like an earthquake, and is the more deeply felt, inasmuch as it was unexpected, and almost undreamt of. Time, that general soother, may blunt the sharp-

ness of their sorrow, yet the annihilation of their hopes frequently enfeebles their spirits, leaving them tinged with pensive depression, and embittered by retrospection. She who gave a zest to their enjoyments, by sharing them, is no more,—the pleasures, which in her company were delightful, are without her poor and tasteless; and memory, that mirror which so truly and so cruelly reflects back our miseries with increased effect, continually recurs to past joys, now buried with her in the grave. If anticipation be rapturous to the happy, retrospection is more agonizing to the wretched:—

“The love of youth, the hope of better years—
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,”

is gone, and gone forever, Some may say the picture is too highly coloured, but too well do I know that it is not so. Our brightest expectations fade soonest—our fairest dreams depart most quickly—the sweetest flowers often wither in their first blossoming. Many a fine spirit have I seen, overwhelmed by the loss of the idol of his affections, striving to appear gay, but striving, alas! in vain. I have seen them mixing in society, but only in compliance with

the wishes of their friends, joining in their amusements, but more for the sake of giving, than receiving, pleasure—smiling at their frolics, but with an effort painful to any intimate observer:—

“As a beam o’er the face of the waters
may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and cold-
ness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly
the while.”

Their souls, I could perceive, were in the tomb with their beloved. A dreary vacuity of common interest with the world had succeeded to those warm aspirations, which once enlivened their fancies, and a sombre cloud covers the perspective of futurity, as far as regards their mortal state. They make no complaints, they endeavour to conceal their grief, and seem to taste enjoyment, but in reality they scarcely enjoy any thing; they are never spontaneously animated; all is hollow and put on to aid their kind deceit. They continue to live, but pitiable is their condition:—

“The day drags through, though clouds
keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break yet brokenly live on.”

THE CONVALESCENT.

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition, which, under the name of a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men’s dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such: for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw day-light curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it?

To become insensible to all the operations of life, except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there! what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and raising, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of

tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a law-suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Pekin. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of any thing but how to get better.

What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration!

He has put on the strong armor of sickness, he is wrapt in the callous hide of suffering; he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself; he yearneth over himself; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is forever plotting how to do some good to himself; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals

as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very scull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathizer, and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call: and even in the lines of that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know any thing, not to think of any thing. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him; he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at

the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving of them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye? The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunk-en skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more aw-

ful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with every thing else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of every thing but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck he is dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In *Articulo Mortis*, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines, and monarchies, of the world alike; to its laws, and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single suf-

ferings, till he becomes a Tityus to again in my natural pretensions—
 himself—are wasting to a span: and the lean and meagre figure of your
 for the giant of self-importance, which insignificant contributor,
 I was so lately, you have me once

ELIA.

 THE WANDERER TO HER CHILD.

THE sun is sunk, and day light gone,
 As over the moor we journey on;
 The snows are lying all deep and chill;
 The clouds are gathering round the hill;
 The winds they are moaning through the air,
 And backwards tossing the branches bare;
 Oh hush, oh hush, thy piteous cry,
 And shut in repose thy little eye;
 Be still my babe, and sleep!

Though cold the snows, and though cold the air,
 That sweeps o'er the frozen mountains bare,
 More cold was that ungenerous mind,
 Which holiest vows were vain to bind,
 Which stole my peace, and, ruining me,
 Left me to roam the world with thee:
 Oh hush, and oh hush, thy piercing cry,
 And I will sing your lullaby:
 Be still, my babe, and sleep!

Thy father he cares not for his child;
 Thou art forsaken, and I reviled;
 From town to town, a dreary way,
 We wander along from day to day,
 Begging a crust of the poor man's bread,
 And laying us down in some humble shed;
 All but thyself look in scorn on me,
 And, oh! I shall ever be kind to thee;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep!

Ah once, sweet baby, I had a home,
 Nor dreamt I then that I thus should roam;
 By a pleasant village our cottage stood,
 And my parents were pious, and kind, and good:
 They had no comfort but me on earth,
 For I was the light of their lonely hearth;
 Till there came to our door, in cruelty gay,
 Thy father, who stole their treasure away;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep!

The old man broke his heart, and died,
 And soon my mother was laid by his side;
 I was lying in weakness when these they told,
 And thou wert an infant three days old;
 I prayed for death, and I wished to die,
 Till I heard thy pitiful, tender cry,
 And then I petition'd for life, to be
 In thy helpless years a mother to thee;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep!

A haven yet may smile for us,
 And the heart which could neglect us thus,
 May feel the misery we have felt,
 And share the sorrow itself hath dealt;
 We soon shall be over these barren ways,
 And I will warm thee, love, at the blaze,
 Where, 'mid yon trees, on the upland moor,
 Stands kindly open the peasant's door;
 Then hush, my babe, and sleep!

CONFESSIONS OF A JUNIOR BARRISTER.

MY father was agent to an extensive absentee property in the south of Ireland. He was a Protestant, and respectably connected. It was even understood in the country, that a kind of Irish relationship subsisted between him and the distant proprietor whose rents he collected. Of this, however, I have some doubts; for, generally speaking, our aristocracy are extremely averse to trusting their money in the hands of a poor relation. Besides this, I was more than once invited to dine with a leading member of the family when I was at the temple which would hardly have been the case, had he suspected on my part any dormant claim of kindred. Being an eldest son, I was destined from my birth for the Bar. This about thirty years ago was almost a matter of course with our secondary gentry. Among such persons it was at that time an object of great ambition to have "a young counsellor" in the family. In itself it was a respectable thing—for who could tell what the "young counsellor" might not one day be? Then it kept off vexatious claims, and produced a general interested civility in the neighbourhood, under the expectation that whenever any little point of law might arise, the young counsellor's opinion might be had for nothing. Times have somewhat changed in this respect. Yet to this day the young counsellor who passed the law-vacations among his country-friends, finds (at least I have found it so) that the old feeling of reverence for the name is not yet extinct, and that his *dicta* upon the law of trespass and distress for rent are generally deferred to in his own country, unless when it happens to be the assizes'-time.

I passed through my school and college studies with great *eclat*. At the latter place, particularly towards the close of the course, I dedicated myself to all sorts of composition.

I was also a constant speaker in the historical society, where I discovered, with no slight satisfaction, that popular eloquence was decidedly my forte. In the cultivation of this noble art, I adhered to no settled plan. Sometimes, in imitation of the ancients, I composed my address with great care, and delivered it from memory: at others I trusted for words (for I am naturally fluent) to the occasion; but, whether my speech was extemporaneous or prepared, I always spoke on the side of freedom. At this period, and for the two or three years that followed, my mind was filled with almost inconceivable enthusiasm for my future profession. I was about to enter it (I can call my own conscience to witness) from no sordid motive. As to money-matters I was independent; for my father, who was now no more, had left me a profit-rent of 300*l.* a year. No, Mr Editor,—but I had formed to my youthful fancy, an idea of the honours and duties of an advocate's career, founded upon the purest models of ancient and modern times. I pictured to myself the glorious occasion it would present of redressing private wrongs, of exposing and confounding the artful machinations of injustice; and should the political condition of my country require it, as in all probability it would, of emulating the illustrious men whose eloquence and courage had so often shielded the intended victim against the unconstitutional aggressions of the state. It was with these views, and not from a love of "paltry gold," that I was ambitious to assume the robe. With the confidence of youth and of a temperament not prone to despair, I felt an instinctive conviction that I was not assuming a task above my strength; but, notwithstanding my reliance upon my natural powers, I was indefatigable in aiding them by exercise and study against the occasions that

were to render me famous in my generation. Deferring for the present (I was now at the Temple) a regular course of legal reading, I applied myself, with great ardour, to the acquirement of general knowledge. To enlarge my views, I went through the standard works on the theory of government and legislation. To familiarize my understanding with subtle disquisitions I plunged into metaphysics; for, as Ben Jonson somewhere says, "he that cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate and disperse it, wanteth a great faculty;" and lest an exclusive adherence to such pursuits should have the effect of damping my popular sympathies, I duly relieved them by the most celebrated productions of imagination in prose and verse. Oratory was of course, not neglected. I plied at Cicero and Demosthenes. I devoured every treatise on the art of rhetoric that fell in my way. When alone in my lodgings, I declaimed to myself so often and so loudly, that my landlady and her daughters, who sometimes listened through the keyhole, suspected, as I afterwards discovered, that I had lost my wits; but, as I paid my bills regularly, and appeared tolerably rational in other matters, they thought it most prudent to connive at my extravagances. During the last winter of my stay at the Temple, I took an active part, as Gale Jones, to his cost, sometimes found, in the debates of the British Forum, which had just been opened for the final settlement of all disputed points in politics and morals.

Such were the views and qualifications with which I came to the Irish Bar. It may appear somewhat singular, but so it was, that previous to the day of my call, I was never inside an Irish court of Justice. When at the Temple, I had occasionally attended the proceedings at Westminster Hall, where a common topic of remark among my fellow-students was the vast superiority of our Bar in grace of manner and classical propriety of diction. I had therefore

no sooner received the congratulations of my friends on my admission, than I turned into one of the Courts to enjoy a first specimen of the forensic oratory of which I had heard so much. A young barrister of about twelve years standing was on his legs, and vehemently appealing to the court in the following words—"Your Lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administratrix *de bonis non*, and really, my Lords, it does humbly strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say, that a party can now come in, in the very teeth of an Act of Parliament, and actually turn us round under colour of hanging us up on the foot of a contract made behind our backs." The Court admitted that the force of the observation was unanswerable, and granted his motion with costs. On inquiry I found that the counsel was among the most rising men of the Junior Bar.

For the first three or four years little worth recording occurred. I continued my former studies, read, but without much care, a few elementary law-books, picked up a stray scrap of technical learning in the courts and the hall, and was now and then employed by the young attornies from my own county as conducting counsel in a motion of course. At the outset I was rather mortified at the scantiness of my business, for I had calculated upon starting into immediate notice; but being easy in my circumstances, and finding so many others equally unemployed, I ceased to be impatient. With regard to my fame, however, it was otherwise. I had brought a fair stock of general reputation for ability and acquirement to the bar, but, having done nothing to increase it, I perceived, or fancied I perceived, that the estimation I had been held in was rapidly subsiding. This I could not endure—and as no widows or orphans seemed disposed to claim my protection, I determined upon giving the public a proof of my powers as the advocate of a still nobler cause. An aggregate meeting

of the Catholics of Ireland was announced, and I prepared a speech to be delivered on their behalf. I communicated my design to no one, not even to O'Connell, who had often urged me to declare myself; but on the appointed day I attended at the place of meeting, Clarendon-street-Chapel. The spectacle was imposing. Upon a platform erected before the altar stood O'Connell and his staff. The chair which they surrounded had just been taken by the venerable Lord Fingal, whose presence alone would have conferred dignity upon any assembly. The galleries were thronged with Catholic beauties, looking so softly patriotic, that even Lord Liverpool would have forgiven in them the sin of a divided allegiance. The floor of the chapel was filled almost to suffocation with a miscellaneous populace, breathing from their looks a deep sense of rights withheld, and standing on tiptoe and with ears erect to catch the sounds of comfort or hope which their leaders had to administer. Finding it impracticable to force my way towards the chair, I was obliged to ascend and occupy a place in the gallery. I must confess that I was not sorry for the disappointment; for in the first feeling of awe which the scene inspired, I found that my oratorical courage, which like natural courage "comes and goes," was rapidly "oozing out;"—but as the business and the passions of the day proceeded; as the fire of national emotion lighted every eye, and exploded in simultaneous volleys of applause, all my apprehensions for myself were forgotten. Every fresh round of huzzas that rent the roof rekindled my ambition. I became impatient to be fanned for my own sake by the beautiful white handkerchiefs that waved around me, and stirred my blood like the visionary flags of the fabled Houris inviting the Mahomedan warrior to danger and to glory. O'Connell, who was speaking, spied me in the gallery. He perceived at once that I had a weight of oratory pressing

upon my mind, and goodnaturedly resolved to quicken the delivery. Without naming me, he made an appeal to me, under the character of "a liberal and enlightened young Protestant," which I well understood. This was conclusive, and he had no sooner sat down than I was on my legs. The sensation my unexpected appearance created was immense. I had scarcely said "My Lords, I rise"—when I was stopped short by cheers that lasted for some minutes. It was really delicious music, and was repeated at the close of almost every sentence of my speech. I shall not dwell upon the speech itself, as most of my readers must remember it, for it appeared the next day in the *Dublin Journals* (the best report was in the *Freeman*) and was copied into all the London opposition-papers except the *Times*. It is enough to say that the effect was on the whole tremendous. As soon as I had concluded, a special messenger was despatched to conduct me to the platform. On my arrival there I was covered with praises and congratulations. O'Connell was the warmest in the expression of his admiration;—yet I thought I could read in his eyes that there predominated over that feeling the secret triumph of the partisan, at having contributed to bring over a young deserter from the enemy's camp. However, he took care that I should not go without my reward. He moved a special resolution of thanks "to his illustrious young friend," whom he described as "one of those rare and felicitous combinations of human excellence, in which the spirit of a Washington is embodied with the genius of a Grattan." These were his very words, but my modesty was in no way pained at them, for I believed every syllable to be literally true.

I went home in a glorious intoxication of spirits. My success had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I had now established a character for public speaking, which, independently of the general fame

that would ensue, must inevitably lead to my retainer in every important case where the passions were to be moved, and, whenever the Whigs should come in, to a seat in the British Senate.

After a restless night, in which however, when I did sleep, I contrived to dream, at one time that I was at the head of my profession, at another that I was on the opposition-side of the House of Commons redressing Irish grievances, I sallied forth to the Courts to enjoy the impression which my display of the day before must have made there. On my way my ears were regaled by the cries of the news-hawkers, announcing that the morning papers contained "Young Counsellor ———'s grand and elegant speech." "This," thought I, "is genuine fame," and I pushed on with a quickened pace towards the Hall. On my entrance, the first person that caught my eye was my friend and fellow-student Dick ———. We had been intimate at College, and inseparable at the Temple. Our tastes and tempers had been alike, and our political opinions the same, except that he sometimes went far beyond me in his abstract enthusiasm for the rights of man. I was surprised, for our eyes met, that he did not rush to tender me his greetings. However I went up to him, and held out my hand in the usual cordial way. He took it, but in a very unusual way. The friendly pressure was no longer there. His countenance, which heretofore had glowed with warmth at my approach, was still and chilling. He made no allusion to my speech, but looking round, as if fearful of being observed, and muttering something about its being "Equity-day in the Exchequer," moved away. This was a modification of "genuine fame," for which I was quite unprepared. In my present elevation of spirits, however, I was rather perplexed than offended at the occurrence. I was willing to suspect that my friend must have found himself suddenly indisposed, or that, in spite of his bet-

ter feelings, an access of involuntary envy might have overpowered him, or perhaps, poor fellow, some painful subject of a private nature might be pressing upon his mind, so as to cause this strange revolution in his manner. At the time I never adverted to the rumour that there was shortly to be a vacancy for a commissionership of bankrupts, nor had I been aware that his name as a candidate stood first on the Chancellor's list. He was appointed to the place a few days after, and the mystery of his coldness was explained. Yet I must do him the justice to say that he had no sooner attained his object than he shewed symptoms of remorse for having shaken me off. He praised my speech, in a confidential way, to a mutual friend, and I forgave him, for one gets tired of being indignant, and to this day we converse with our old familiarity upon all subjects except the abstract rights of man. In the course of the morning I received many similar manifestations of homage to my genius from others of my Protestant colleagues. The young, who up to that time had sought my society, now brushed by me as if there was infection in my touch. The seniors, some of whom had occasionally condescended to take my arm in the Hall, and treat me to prosing details of their adventures at the Temple, held themselves sullenly aloof; and if our glances encountered, petrified me with looks of established order. In whatever direction I cast my eyes, I met signs of anger or estrangement, or, what was still less welcome, of pure commiseration. Such were the first fruits of my "grand and elegant speech," which had combined (O'Connell, may Heaven forgive you!) the spirit of a Washington with the genius of a Grattan." I must, however, in fairness state, that I was not utterly "left alone with my glory." The Catholics certainly crowded round me and extolled me to the skies. One eulogized my simile of the eagle; another swore that the corporation would never recover from the last hit I gave

them; a third that my fortune at the Bar was made. I was invited to all their dinner-parties, and as far as "lots" of white soup and Spanish flummery went, had unquestionably no cause to complain. The attorneys both in public and private were loudest in their admiration of my rare qualifications for success in my profession, but though they took every occasion for weeks and months after, to recur to the splendour of my eloquence, it still somehow happened that not one of them sent me a guinea.

I was beginning to charge the whole body with ingratitude, when I was agreeably induced to change my opinion, at least for a while. One of the most rising among them was an old schoolfellow of mine named Shanahan. He might have been of infinite service to me, but he had never employed me, even in the most trivial matter. We were still, however, on terms of, to me, rather unpleasant familiarity; for he affected in his language and manners a certain waggish slang from which my classical sensibilities revolted. One day as I was going my usual rounds in the Hall, Shanahan, who held a bundle of briefs under his arm, came up and drew me aside towards one of the recesses. "Ned, my boy," said he, for that was his customary style of addressing me, "I just want to tell you that I have a sporting record now at issue, and which I'm to bring down to ——— for trial at the next assizes. It's an action against a magistrate and a bible-distributor into the bargain, for the seduction of a farmer's daughter. You are to be in it—I have taken care of that;—and I just want to know if you'd like to state the case, for, if you do, it can be managed." My heart palpitated with gratitude, but it would have been unprofessional to give it utterance; so I simply expressed my readiness to undertake the office. "Consider yourself, then, retained as stating counsel," said he, but without handing me any fee. "All you want is an opportunity of showing what you can do with a jury, and

never was there a finer one than this. It was just such another that first brought that lad there into notice," (pointing to one of the serjeants that rustled by us.) "You shall have your instructions in full time to be prepared. Only hit the bible-boy in the way I know you can, and your name will be up on the circuit."

The next day Shanahan called me aside again. In the interval, I had composed a striking exordium and peroration, with several powerful passages of general application, to be interspersed according as the facts should turn out, through the body of the statement. "Ned," said the attorney to me as soon as we had reached a part of the Hall where there was no risk of being overheard, "I now want to consult you upon"—here he rather hesitated—"in fact, upon a little case of my own." After a short pause he proceeded, "You know a young lady from your county, Miss Dickson?"—"Harriet Dickson?"—"The very one."—"Intimately well; she's now in town with her cousins in Harcourt-street; I see her almost every day." "She has a very pretty property too, they say, under her father's will, a lease for lives renewable forever."—"So I have always understood." "In fact, Ned," he continued, looking somewhat foolish, and in a tone half slang, half sentiment, "I am rather inclined to think—as at present advised—that she has partly gained my affections. Come, come, my boy, no laughing; upon my faith and soul I'm serious—and what's more, I have reason to think that she'll have no objection to my telling her so; but with those devils of cousins at her elbow, there's no getting her into a corner with one's-self for an instant; so what I want you to do for me Ned is this—just to throw your eye over a wide-line copy of a little notice to that effect I have been thinking of serving her with." Here he extracted from a mass of law-documents a paper endorsed—"Draft letter to Miss D—," and folded up and tied with red tape like the rest. The matter corresponded with

the exterior. I contrived, but not without an effort, to preserve my countenance as I perused this singular production, in which sighs and vows were embodied in the language of an affidavit to hold to bail. Amidst the manifold vagaries of Cupid, it was the first time I had seen him exchanging his ordinary dart for an attorney's office-pen. When I came to the end, he asked if I thought it might be improved. I candidly answered that it would, in my opinion, admit of change and correction. "Then," said he "I shall be eternally obliged if you'll just do the needful with it. You perceive that I have not been too explicit, for, between ourselves, I have one or two points to ascertain about the state of the property before I think it prudent to commit myself on paper. It would never do, you know, to be brought into court for a breach of promise of marriage; so you'll keep this in view, and before you begin, just cast a glance over the Statute of Frauds." Before I could answer, he was called away to attend a motion.

The office thus flung upon me was not of the most dignified kind, but the seduction-case was too valuable to be risked; so pitting my ambition against my pride, I found the latter soon give way, and on the following day I presented the lover with a declaratory effusion, at once so glowing and so cautious, so impassioned as to matters of sentiment, but withal so guarded in point of law, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece of literary composition and forensic skill. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and went home to copy and despatch it. I now come to the most whimsical part of the transaction. With Miss Dickson, as I had stated to her admirer, I was extremely intimate. We had known each other from childhood, and conversed with the familiarity rather of cousins than mere acquaintances. When she was in town, I saw her almost daily, talked to her of myself and my prospects, lectured her on her love of dress, and in return was always at

her command for any small service of gallantry or friendship that she might require. The next time I called, I could perceive that I was unusually welcome. Her cousins were with her, but they quickly retired and left us together. As soon as we were alone, Harriet announced to me "that she had a favour—a very great one indeed—to ask of me." She proceeded, and with infinite command of countenance. "There was a friend of hers—one for whom she was deeply interested—in fact it was—but no—she must not betray a secret—and this friend had the day before received a letter containing something like, but still not exactly a proposition of—in short—of a most interesting nature; and her friend was terribly perplexed how to reply to it, for she was very young and inexperienced, and all that; and she had tried two or three times and had failed—and then she had consulted her (Harriet), and she (Harriet) had also been puzzled—for the letter in question was in fact, as far as it was intelligible, so uncommonly well written both in style and sentiment, that her friend was of course particularly anxious to send a suitable reply—and this was Harriet's own feeling—and she had therefore, taken a copy of it, (omitting names), for the purpose of shewing it to me, and getting me—I was so qualified, and so clever at my pen, and all that sort of thing—just to undertake—if I only *would*, to throw upon paper just the kind of sketch of the kind of answer that ought to be returned." The preface over, she opened her reticule, and handed me a copy of my own composition. I would have declined the task, but every excuse I suggested was overruled. The principal objection—my previous retainer on the other side, I could not in honour reveal; and I was accordingly installed in the rather ludicrous office of conducting counsel to both parties in the suit. I shall not weary the reader with a technical detail of the pleadings, all of which I drew. They proceeded, if I remember right, as far as

a *sur-rebutter*—rather an unusual thing in modern practice. Each of the parties throughout the correspondence was charmed with the elegance and correctness of the other's style. Shanahan frequently observed to me, "what a singular thing it was that Miss Dickson was so much cleverer at her pen than her tongue;" and once upon handing me a letter, of which the eloquence was, perhaps, a little too masculine, he protested that he was almost afraid to go farther in the business, for he suspected that a girl who could express herself so powerfully on paper, would one day or other prove too much for him when she became his wife." But to conclude, Shanahan obtained the lady, and the lease for lives renewable forever. The seduction-case (as I afterwards discovered), had been compromised the day before he offered me the statement; and from that day to this, though his business increased with his marriage, he never sent me a single brief.

Finding that nothing was to be got by making public speeches, or writing love-letters for attornies, and having now idled away some valuable years, I began to think of attending sedulously to my profession; and with a view to the regulation of my exertions, lost no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the particular qualifications by which the men whom I saw eminent or rising around me, had originally outstripped their competitors. In the course of these inquiries I discovered that there was a newly invented method of getting rapidly into business, of which I had never heard before. The secret was communicated to me by a friend, a king's counsel, who is no longer at the Irish bar. When I asked him for his opinion as to the course of study and conduct most advisable to be pursued, and at the same time sketched the general plan which had presented itself to me, "Has it never struck you," said he, "since you have walked this Hall, that there is a shorter and a far more certain road to professional success?" I professed

my ignorance of the particular method to which he alluded. "It requires," he continued, "some peculiar qualifications: have you an ear for music?"—Surprised at the question, I answered that I had. "And a good voice?"—"A tolerable one."—"Then my advice to you is, to take a few lessons in psalm-singing; attend the Bethesda regularly; take a part in the anthem, and the louder the better; turn up as much of the white of your eyes as possible, and in less than six months you'll find business pouring in upon you. You smile, I see, at this advice, but I have never known the plan to fail, except where the party has sung incurably out of tune. Don't you perceive that we are once more becoming an Island of Saints, and that half the business of these Courts passes through their hands. When I came to the bar, a man's success depended upon his exertions during the six working days of the week; but now, he that has the dexterity to turn the sabbath to account, is the surest to prosper—and

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion
As well as making of a motion?"

These hints, though thrown out with an air of jest, made some impression on me, but after reflecting for some time upon the subject, and taking an impartial view of my powers in that way, I despaired of having hypocrisy enough for the speculation—so I gave it up. Nothing, therefore, remaining, but a more direct and laborious scheme, I now planned a course of study in which I made a solemn vow to myself to persevere. Besides attending the courts and taking notes of the proceedings, I studied at home at an average of eight hours a-day. I never looked into any but a law-book. Even a newspaper I seldom took up. Every thing that could touch my feelings or my imagination I excluded from my thoughts, as inimical to the habits of mind I now was anxious to acquire. My circle of private acquaintances was extensive, but I manfully resist-

ed every invitation to their houses. I had assigned myself a daily task to perform, and to perform it I was determined. I persevered for two years with exemplary courage. Neither the constant, unvarying, unrewarded labours of the day, nor the cheerless solitude of the evenings, could induce me to relax my efforts. I was not, however, insensible, to the disheartening change, both physical and moral, that was going on within me. All the generous emotions of my youth, my sympathies with the rights and interests of the human race, my taste for letters, even my social sensibilities, were perceptibly wasting away from want of exercise and from the hostile influence of an exclusive and chilling occupation. It fared still worse with my health: I lost my appetite and rest, and of course, my strength; a deadly pallor overcast my features, black circles formed round my eyes, my cheeks sank in; the tones of my voice became feeble and melancholy; the slightest exercise exhausted me almost to fainting; at night I was tortured by head-aches, palpitations, and frightful dreams; my waking reflections were equally harassing. I now deplored the sinister ambition that had propelled me into a scene for which, in spite of all my self-love, I began to suspect that I was utterly unfitted. I recalled the bright prospects under which I had entered life, and passed in review the various modes in which I might have turned my resources to honourable and profitable account. The contrast was fraught with anguish and mortification. As I daily returned from the Courts, scarcely able to drag my wearied limbs along, but still attempting to look as alert and cheerful as if my success was certain, I frequently came across some of my college contemporaries. Such meetings always gave me pain. Some of them were rising in the army, others in the church; others, by a well-timed exercise of their talents, were acquiring a fair portion of pecuniary competence and literary fame. They all seemed happy and thriving, content-

ed with themselves and with all around them; while here was I, wearing myself down to a phantom in a dreary and profitless pursuit, the best years of my youth already gone, absolutely gone for nothing, and the prospect overshadowed by a deeper gloom with every step that I advanced. The friends whom I thus met, inquired with good-nature after my concerns; but I had no longer the heart to talk of myself. I broke abruptly from them, and hurried home to picture to my now morbid imagination the forlorn condition of the evening of life to a briefless barrister. How often, at this period, I regretted that I had not chosen the English Bar, as I had more than once been advised. There, if I had not prospered, my want of success would have been comparatively unobserved. In London I should, at the worst, have enjoyed the immunities of obscurity; but here, my failure would be exposed to the most humiliating publicity. Here I was to be doomed, day after day, and year after year, to exhibit myself in places of public resort, and advertise, in my own person, the disappointment of all my hopes.

These gloomy reflections were occasionally relieved by others of a more soothing and philosophic cast. The catastrophe, at the prospect of which I shuddered, it was still in my own power to avert. The sufferings that I endured were, after all, the factitious growth of an unwise ambition. I was still young and independent, and might, by one manly effort, sever myself forever from the spell that bound me; I might transport myself to some distant scene, and find in tranquillity and letters an asylum from the feverish cares that now bore me down. The thought was full of comfort, and I loved to return to it. I reviewed the different countries in which such a resting-place might best be found, and was not long in making a selection. Switzerland, with her lakes and hills and moral and poetic associations, rose before me: there inhabiting a delight-

ful cottage on the margin of one of her lakes, and emancipated from the conventional inquietudes that now oppressed me, I should find my health and my healthy sympathies revive.

In my present frame of mind the charms of such a philosophic retreat were irresistible. I determined to bid an eternal adieu to demurrers and special contracts, and had already fixed upon the time for executing my project, when an unexpected obstacle interposed. My sole means of support was the profit-rent, of which I have already spoken. The land, out of which it arose, lay in one of the insurrectionary districts; and a letter from my agent in the country announced that not a shilling of it could be collected. In the state of nervous exhaustion to which the "blue books" and the blue devils had reduced me, I had no strength to meet this unexpected blow. To the pangs of disappointed ambition were now added the horrors of sudden and hopeless poverty. I sank almost without a struggle, and becoming seriously indisposed, was confined to my bed for a week, and for more than a month to the house. When I was able to crawl out, I moved mechanically towards the Courts. On entering the Hall, I met my friend the king's counsel who had formerly advised the Bethesda; he was struck by my altered appearance, inquired with much concern into the particulars of my recent illness, of which he had not heard before, and, urging the importance of change of air, insisted that I should accompany him to pass a short vacation then at hand at his country-house in the vicinity of Dublin. The day after my arrival there, I received a second letter from my agent, containing a remittance, and holding out more encouraging prospects for the future. After this I recovered wonderfully, both in health and spirits. My mind, so agitated of late, was now all at once in a state of the most perfect tranquillity—from which I learned, for the first time, that there is nothing like the excitement of a good practical blow

(provided you recover from it) for putting to flight a host of imaginary cares. I could moralize at some length on this subject, but I must hasten to a conclusion. The day before our return to town, my friend had a party of Dublin acquaintances at his house: among the guests was the late Mr D——, an old attorney in considerable business, and his daughter. In the evening, though it was summer-time, we had a dance. I led out Miss D——; I did so, I seriously declare, without the slightest view to the important consequences that ensued. After the dance, which (I remember it well) was to the favourite and far-famed "Leg-of-Mutton jig," I took my partner aside, in the usual way, to entertain her. I began by asking if "she was not fond of poetry?"—She demanded, "why I asked the question?"—I said, "because I thought I could perceive it in the expression of her eyes."—She blushed, "protested I must be flattering her, but admitted that she was." I then asked, "if she did not think the Corsair a charming poem?"—She answered, "Oh, yes!"—"And would not *she* like to be living in one of the Grecian islands?"—"Oh, indeed she would."—"looking upon the blue waters of the Archipelago and the setting sun, associated as they were with rest."—"How delightful it would be!" exclaimed she.—"And so *refreshing*!" said I. I thus continued till we were summoned to another sett. She separated from me with reluctance, for I could see that she considered my conversation to be the sublimest thing that could be.—The effect of the impression I had made soon appeared. Two days after I received a brief in rather an important case from her father's office. I acquitted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he sent me another, and another, and finally installed me as one of his standing counsel for the junior business of his office. The opportunities thus afforded me, brought me by degrees into notice. In the course of time general business began to drop in upon me, and has

latterly been increasing into such a steady stream, that I am now inclined to look upon my final success as secure.

I have only to add, that the twelve years I have passed at the Irish Bar have worked a remarkable change in some of my early tastes and opinions. I no longer, for instance, trouble my

head about immortal fame ; and, such is the force of habit, have brought myself to look upon a neatly folded brief, with a few crisp bank of Ireland notes on the back of it, as beyond all controversy the most picturesque object upon which the human eye can alight.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Inès de Castro, dame d'honneur de la princesse Constance, première femme de Don Pèdre, ou Pierre Premier, Roi de Portugal, inspira un violent amour à ce prince, qui n'étoit encore qu'infant.

L'infant Don Pèdre épousa Inès en secret, et en eut Jean le Premier ; Alfonse IV., son pere, fut instruit de cette union ; et comme il desiroit une alliance plus illustre, il prit le parti de sacrifier Inès à la politique. Don Pèdre furieux, s'unit d'intérêt avec Ferdinand et Alvarès de Castro, frères de sa maîtresse. Il prend les armes, contre son pere, et met tout à feu et à sang dans les provinces où les assassins avoient leurs biens. Alfonse ne put le calmer qu'en les bannissant de son royaume. Des que Don Pèdre fut sur le trône, il chercha à se venger des meurtriers de son épouse.

Don Pèdre fit exhumer le corps d'Inès. On le revêtit d'habits superbes, on lui mit une couronne sur la tête, et les principaux seigneurs du Portugal vinrent rendre hommage à ce cadavre, et reconnoître Inès pour leur souveraine.—*Dictionnaire Biographique.*

MORN on the glorious dome, on the red-vines waving bright,
On the streams which sweep from their mountain home, on the flow'rs of dewy light:
Morn on the chesnut glades, on the lemon's living gold,
On the joyous brows of the village maids, which Love's own hand did mould.

There's music in the halls, in the palace halls of state,
Haught banners hang the frowning walls, where gallant warriors wait ;
And the horn is heard again ; while quick from east and west
Comes the gathering tread of martial men, dark plume, and golden crest.

There sits a princely form, to his foot proud knees are bent,
But his look is that of a deep'ning storm o'er a sunlit element ;
And in his full black eye lives a strong undying woe ;
Night hath watch'd long and silently—his tears like rain-drops flow.

He looks on one whose frame hath risen from pall and shroud,
And he calls her softly by her name—he calls and weeps aloud ;
Oh, Ignez ! never more more thy voice shall pour its mellow strain,
How would my grieving soul rejoice to hear thee speak again.

Death sits upon thy lip, on thy graceful lip, where oft
Thy husband, Ignez, sweets did sip, while fond arms pillowed soft ;
As then thou look'dst, I see thee yet ; in all that life and bloom ;
O God ! that we had never met, or fill'd the same cold tomb.

Rose of our lovely land, soon thou died'st—and died'st for me ;
For me—and by a father's hand—that hand of cruelty :
The seraphs from their cloud-built seat thy murd'rer's doom have given ;
My father ! canst thou, dar'st thou, meet the lightning eyes of Heaven ?

Be loud the trumpet blown—bid the cannons' thunders peal ;
Upon her forehead place the crown—bid lords and warriors kneel :
'Tis done ; and o'er the solemn scene waves many a laurel wreath,
And the lords and warriors hail their Queen, who sits there dark in death.

Be loud the trumpet blown—bid the cannons' thunders peal ;
 Upon his forehead place the crown—bid lords and warriors kneel ;
 'Tis done ; the skies with voices ring, and banners stately wave,
 And the lords and warriors hail their King, and pray the Gods him save.

He stands amid the best and the bravest of his land,
 In robes of regal purple drest, with sceptre in his hand ;
 He stands with marble cheek, while every whisper sleeps ;
 He strives—but all in vain—to speak : the king, the monarch weeps !

'Tis o'er ; he moves as wont, and the storm of grief is gone,
 Upon his proud and warlike front is seen the king alone ;
 The throne of state he leaves—he leaves his death-cold queen,
 And if the monarch's heart still grieves, it is no longer seen.

LOVE.

"La science est folle parole,
 "Ne suivons que d'amour l'école."

IN the sunny climes of Greece and Rome, love was a much more important affair, than with us cold-hearted mortals of the north. To many, however, who would judge merely from their domestic history, this seems little short of an anomaly ; for in those patriarchal times, the gentle sex were kept in different trim than with us, and were seldom permitted to aspire to higher things, than the making of puddings or baby linen (if such things then were.) There were then no boarding-schools, routs, parks, or theatres, where youthful eyes might throw their witchery over silly swains ; and moreover, many a boarding-school Miss will turn up her eyes with astonishment, when we inform her that their courtships and marriages bear, in general, a much greater similarity to our dealings in indigo and cotton, than our modern traffickings in cupids, flames, and darts. Indeed, if some sturdy old Greek or Roman were at this moment to rise from behind the columns of Athens, or the capitol, and survey our youthful dames—not Penelope-like, at their web and spinning wheels, but gadding about from the bazaar to the park—from the park to the theatre—from the theatre to the rout, and from the rout to bed—he would hold up his hands in horror and astonishment, and point to the slaves and seraglios in Egypt, as consider-

ing them to afford more perfect examples of conjugal duties and domestic economy. These facts being premised, and the case stated, as a lawyer would say, the natural inference to be drawn in the absence of all information to the contrary is, that from our tender dealings with the tender sex, we are much more susceptible of the tender passion, than the Greeks and Romans were, who kept the dear little things in a state little short of domestic bondage. History, however, rises up to exclaim that it is not so, and to tell us, that they knew more of love matters, and exhibit more examples of intense and unalterable passion, than all Europe put together ; and grieve we to say, that to silence this comparison, we are not aware of any young lady having made, in our times, a nearer approach to the feat of Helen, than a jump out of the parlour window, or a trip to Gretna Green, or that any modern Pyramus and Thisbe have rivalled their famous prototypes of old, farther than by tumbling into the Paddington Canal, or experimenting on the taste of "a penn'orth of vile arsenic ;" and as for any modern Sappho, we are concerned to state, that all our researches in this respect have been in vain. But what places our gothic indifference on this subject in the strongest light, in comparison with the knowledge and refinement of the

ancients, is, our deplorable ignorance of the science of love, and the various means which the ancients employed to melt the heart of an obdurate fair one to tenderness; or to root out of their own bosoms, some hopeless or unreturned passion. We question much whether any spark of the present degenerate age knows any better way of settling these affairs, than by shooting himself through the head; and we therefore doubt not, but that we shall secure the applause of a grateful posterity, by unfolding the whole arcana of the *Materia Medica* of love at a glance, so that, in future emergencies of this sort, all young ladies and gentlemen shall have only to employ an apothecary or herbalist, instead of the old-fashioned artillery of cupids, sighs, and billet-doux.

In the Greek and Roman times, when a young man conceived a passion for a certain fair one, his mode of proceeding was as different from ours, as ours is from that of a North American Indian and his squaw; billet-doux and all their train of cupids, hearts, flames, darts, &c. were utterly unknown; and as for ogling in the theatre or the park, this was impossible. If the enamoured Corydon was a thick-headed rustic, he generally made a discovery of his flame by writing the name of his beloved Amaryllis on trees, walls, doors, &c. But if the innamorato was wealthy and of a sentimental turn, he proceeded to work more tastefully. He began by decking the door of his dulcinea with flowers and garlands, and made libations of wine before her house, sprinkling the posts with the same liquor. This is a sad compliment, of which the beauty and force is not felt, till we recollect that this was the manner in which they performed their adorations to their deities, and which therefore raised the object of it to the rank of a goddess. Lovers are in general quicksighted enough to read, in a movement or a glance, the thoughts of their beloved; but the most certain proof which the fair one could give of a reciprocal

flame, was to untie the garlands of her lover, and to compose new ones to present to him. Should all his efforts however prove fruitless, and be repaid by the haughty fair one only with scorn and contempt, then recourse was had to enchantresses, of whom the Thessalians enjoyed the highest reputation. The means which were then adopted to reduce the unrelenting heart under the dominion of Venus, and to dispose it to mutual and tender passion, were most commonly philtres and love potions, the operation of which was violent and dangerous, and often deprived such as drank of them of reason itself.

The effect imputed to these potions being, as may be readily guessed, a subject more of imagination than reality, it is not surprising that, in the selection of the ingredients which composed them, we discover few traces of any laborious research or even delicacy of choice. Had it been a quackery of the present day, lavender water, otto of roses, or some other ladylike article, would no doubt have been employed to secure it a place on the boudoirs of the fair; but the poor Greeks knew as little of these delicacies, as they did of steam-engines or joint stock companies, and our catalogue of their love draughts, we are much afraid, will shock the ears, or, it may be, turn the stomach, of many a delicate *petit maître*, seeing that the ingredients of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth* are nothing to them. Some of the most remarkable of them were these. The hippomanes, the jynx, insects bred from putrefaction, the fish remora, the lizard, the hairs on the tip of a wolf's tail, the bones on the left side of a toad eaten with ants, the blood of doves, bones of snakes, feathers of screech owls, twisted cords of wool in which a person had hanged himself, rags, torches, reliques, a nest of swallows buried and famished in the earth, bones snatched from hungry dogs, the marrow of a boy famished in the midst of plenty, dried human liver, and (*mirabile dictu*) the brains of a calf. To these may be added

most plants growing out of putrid substances, and which, indeed, in ordinary and less desperate cases, were usually resorted to. Such were the ingredients which entered into the composition of that infernal draught a love potion! They are of so ridiculous, and some of them of so horrid a nature, as to point with certainty to the source from whence they came, and to show us that the Thesalian hags knew more of the art of working on the credulity and superstitions of mankind, than of the practice of the *Materia Medica*.

But besides the philtres various other arts were used to excite love, in which the external application of certain substances was supposed to have a magical influence on the persons against whom they levelled their skill. A hyæna's udder, worn under the left arm, was thought by these rakes of antiquity to draw the affections of any woman they cast their eyes upon. A species of olives and barley bran or sometimes flour, made up into paste and thrown into the fire, was supposed to excite the flame of love. Burning laurel and melting wax were supposed to have the like effect. When they wanted to harden one heart and soften another, moulded figures of clay and wax were exposed to the fire together. This branch was carried still farther; for after creating wax images of the person to be operated upon, whatever was done to the image the prototype was supposed to feel. This whim of the waxen images is remarkable as being the only one of their love enchantments which appears to have survived the dark ages, as we find the same idea prevalent during the monkish times; and if we recollect rightly, the Ettrick Shepherd has embodied it in a poetical form in one of his early publications. Enchanted medicaments were deemed of particular efficacy, and sprinkled on some part of the house where the object

of affection resided. When the intimacy of the lovers had proceeded so far as the exchange of love pledges, they were preserved with the greatest care, and sometimes were deposited at the threshold of their house, to preserve the affections of the owner from wandering. Love-knots were as efficacious as any, and the number three was deemed particularly favourable in all their operations.

The ancients had no very high opinion themselves of that sort of love which their enchantments were supposed to procure; for they imagined that the flame so lighted might be as easily quenched, by having recourse to more powerful enchantments, as a demon of a higher order, than were deemed instrumental in exciting it, while they admitted that love inspired without magic was without cure. When a passion was supposed to have been inspired by magic, to counteract its effect they had recourse to *agnus castus*, which was believed to have the power of weakening desire; sprinkling the dust in which a mule had rolled herself; tying toads in the hide of a beast newly slain; applying amulets of various minerals and herbs; and invoking the assistance of the infernal deities. The most classical remedy, however, for a hopeless passion, and also the most efficacious, we should think, was the leap down the Leucadian promontory. This experiment has been immortalized by the example of the amorous Sappho. Boats were always in readiness to pick up the adventurers, but still the instances of those whose attempts had a tragical issue, are quite as numerous as those who escaped with merely a ducking, though it is by no means likely that young Cupid would again choose for his abode, a heart which had undergone such a wonderfully cooling anti-amorous operation, as the "*Leucadian Leap*."

TOM TRUELOVE.

TOM TRUELOVE was one of the highest spirited fellows breathing; he was thought, by all his acquaintances, too wild to marry; he was always joking on the subject, and declaring that nothing should induce him to be caught in the conjugal noose. Tom was a handsome fellow, and much admired by the fair sex; he returned their partiality, but his attentions went no further than flirting: he was fond of his bottle at the same time, and although not a spendthrift, was as expensive as he possibly could be, without dipping into his principal; he always rode good horses and spared no price; thus merrily his life run on. Different avocations separated us: the army took me to India, and I there read of Tom's marriage, at Harrowgate; I paid little attention to the circumstance; "a large fortune!" quoth I to myself, "some heavy temptation, powerful charms," but the money seemed the most likely: I gave the matter no further thought until I returned, nearly a dozen years afterwards, to England. Paying a morning visit in Dover street, I saw Mr Truelove's card in a card-rack, and determined to call upon him, anticipating much pleasure in talking over old stories, and in bantering him on his former habits and protestations, his defying the charms of the fair, and his praises of the joys of a bachelor's life; I also promised myself at least one jovial bout, certain that Tom would live in excellent style, and keep a good table, and have all things, particularly his wife, in good order; for he used to laugh men to scorn who failed in this particular, despising petticoat government, undue influence, &c. &c. &c. I knocked at his door, which was opened by a modest-looking footman (*a rara avis*, in the west end of the town). "Is your master at home?" said I. "I don't exactly know, Sir," replied the footman, "I am but just come in, but I will go up stairs and

see; your name if you please." I gave my name, and begged of him to add, that I had been but a few days in town, arrived from abroad, and had been one of his oldest acquaintances, deeming this precaution necessary, as old acquaintances have often very short memories: a flutter seized my heart, for I had a warm regard for Tom, and I felt an emotion which every warm heart must experience at the little interesting uncertainty of how an old friend may be, how fortune may have treated him, whether his regard and sincerity correspond with our own, and the like—sensations easier imagined than expressed. What a blight is a cold reception under these circumstances! how wrinkles, premature age, the bloom of the cheek faded, the impression of sickness, shock the beholder! Poverty I apprehended not: Tom had a thousand per annum as a single man, and doubtless would have provided for an increased establishment, and for the contingent expences of wedlock. I listened attentively, half hoping to be called up stairs, by my Christian name, by himself; I almost prayed that his voice might be strong, and its tone lively and cordial: I heard a female voice only, and now concluded that he was not at home, and that I must be kept longer in suspense, and either wait for his returning my visit, or call again. Whilst fumbling for my address card, the footman came back, saying, "My master is at home *to you*, but to no one else;" very flattering, thought I, and I ascended the staircase, four stairs at a time, in the flutter of pleasure. I entered, and found Tom with a book in his hand, one child between his knees, another teasing him at the back of the chair, a high-dressed lady opposite to him, superintending the work of a pretty little girl, and a fourth child with a paper fool's cap, blubbering in a corner; he rose up and took me by the

hand, I pressed his in mine most heartily, "My dear Tom, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed I, and then made my *obeisance* to madame;—his was a smile in return, but such a smile as that where kindness and regret meet and mingle together,—a sigh and a smile struggling for mastery: he motioned me to sit by him, and then, releasing the little school-boy from his task, and from his situation between his knees, he said, "go away with you, stupid little creature, there's no making you learn any thing; heigh ho!" Away ran the dull scholar, whilst the boy at the back of the chair pulled his father's ears by way of fun. "Have done, you wicked little plague," cried he; at which moment the girl in the corner cried most distressfully, and mama's companion pricked her finger with a needle, and screamed like a screech owl.—"A pretty family concert!" observed Tom to me, with a shrug of his shoulders.—"Yes, but you have very fine children," said I, wishing to calm matters; "you are a very happy fellow:" this lit up a smile and a welcome together from madame. I interposed to have the fool's-cap removed, and to have the penance remitted, and was in the act of applying a piece of court plaster to the other girl's wounded finger, when she gave me a slap in the face, and added to it, "you hurt me, you do, you nasty man."—"Turn them all out," loudly vociferated my friend; whereon the whole four gave tongue together, in groans, moans, lachrymose accents, and lamentations, and ran out one after the other. Madame angrily accented, "Stupid man, you always expect more of children than they can perform—I never saw any thing like you." In order to change the subject, I asked if he had any more children? Ah! yes, six more,—ten in all, plenty of children, and plenty of trouble with them." (Madame)—"And if you had none you'd be always complaining; men are the most contradictory beings on earth."—"Will you dine with us to-morrow?" said he to me. (Madame)—

"No dear, we are engaged."—"Humph; madame can contradict too," said I to myself; "then on Thursday," resumed he, "I hope so," added she, but never did hope wear such a livery; not the shadow of a smile was to be seen; all insincerity; but I accepted the invitation. I was impatient for the arrival of the day when I was to partake of a family dinner, which had the more attraction for me because it would give me an opportunity of retracing the scenes of our youth, when left *tete-a-tete* with my old acquaintance, after madame had retired from table. The day and hour came, Truelove looked in something like good spirits, but the lines of care were strongly and deeply impressed upon his features; he was much altered. I offered my arm to madame, to descend the staircase from the drawing room to the dining-parlour: "Don't you find your friend much improved since you saw him?" inquired she, adding, "he is grown fatter since he was a single man."—"He is looking very well," replied I, "and how could it be otherwise with so much happiness about him!" I never told a fib with so bad a grace. "We have a fine family," said she, bridling up to look more becomingly. We were now seated at table: there was a great deal of parade,—a show of plate,—much ceremony—but a very scanty, homely dinner, after all, made the most of by wax-lights, flowers round the dishes, and trickery; the circulation of the wine was like that of a miser's coin, or still more like the current of his heart, slow and niggardly: at the second glass of *Cape Madeira* (which I expected *not* to see, and which madame called *Madeira*, forgetting that I had doubled the Cape, and was not to be imposed upon), she asked me, "pray did not Truelove drink very hard when first you knew him?"—"Not particularly," answered I.—"He is very sober now," said she, "I have quite reformed him."—"So I perceive," quoth I, rather *drily*. The desert was long and *dead sober* (as Pat calls it in con-

tradistinction to *dead drunk*). On her retiring, he took my hand and pressed it kindly, filling a bumper and giving "Love and friendship:" I had almost forgotten to mention, that the whole ten children were paraded after the cloth was taken off, and a more noisy and troublesome set I never beheld; they were of all sizes, from one in nurse's arms up to one of nearly eleven years of age, extremely robust and womanly for her age. "A very agreeable lady your wife is," said I, seeing him dull: "very," answered he, in a faint voice; "and money?" continued I—"a little," responded he, in a still more subdued tone, "a few thousands, all spent, and more promised, which I shall never get; I was infatuated to marry, and never calculated on what wedlock might produce; I am really a very poor man with a thousand per annum; have given up

my horses, and all my comforts, and I must either dip into my capital and be ruined in time, live miserably, or go abroad." "I am sorry for that," said I, sincerely—a violent ringing of the bell preceded the appearance of the footman, announcing, in a firm tone, "coffee's ready." Tom asked me to take another glass, but the two decanters only averaged one between us; and so with the half glass each, we walked up stairs. Tom looked pitiable; the evening concluded by an exhibition of the little childrens' talents, and *talons* also, for the child who had slapped my face, scratched that of the baby, and a family scene ensued: "Is this matrimony?" murmured I to myself, as I went out of the house. I invited Truelove to a coffee-house dinner, but he sent an excuse. Alas! poor Tom.

A TAKE UP.

A KNOWING jirk of the coachman's elbow, put me in mind that I was growing fatigued, that I had two miles of road before me; besides half the town to cross ere I could get home; the jolting of stage-coaches, is recommended by a certain eccentric doctor, as an excellent cure for bile, for rheumatism, obstructions, and others the plagues of Pandora's box, so I answered the signal, and was crammed in with four more into the vehicle, which offered its daily accommodation to merchants, traders, idlers, convalescents, and visitors to the thousand and one boarding schools, seminaries, establishments, and houses of education with fine names to them, such as *Bellevue*, (marked perhaps by a brick kiln). *Belvedere-house*, with *niente a vedere*, (nothing to see) but the Adam and Eve public-house, Rose Mount, standing amongst thistles, and Paradise-hall, as black as Erebus, and such like brick and mortar misnomers in the environs of our colossal

metropolis; such work in fidgeting and footing it, in stowing and quartering of knees, such primming up of a governess, unmarried and fifty, with her *ne quid nimis*, and such squeezing of a fat builder, who was the *ne plus ultra* of a single place figure, and of whom it might be said, as of the Will Waddle of the lively G. Colman;

"So fat he appeared he was just like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Well, at last I was wedged in between two tradesmen, so intent on business that they would not have perceived me, but for the pressure of being dove-tailed on to fit the seat, for feeling has no fellow. By the way, one fellow, and a fat fellow he was too, had a spy-glass in his pocket, which made no small impression on my ribs; and the other was obliged to suspend his account of the meal and money market, in order to beg me to rise up, as I was squeezing a cream cheese in his pocket into an

Egyptian mummy, as he called it; I complied, when the spy-glass again took me in flank, and galled me desperately. "Oh! dear," cried I, and by a forward motion came in contact with Miss Sally Sampler's knee. "Oh, dear!" she echoed, and started as if she had received an electric shock. "Oh! dear Sir, you annoy me most moustroously, I am so tittlish (ticklish); I'm for all the world like a sensible plant." Sensitive, if you please, Miss," (muttered our tradesmen). "Well, sensitive, or sensible, it is my exquisite sensibility which occasions the *sensissement*. I cannot bear to be titched on the knee." I retired, and got a dig with the telescope. "There, again my cheese!" exclaimed t'other neighbor, "it will be as flat as a pancake before I get to Mark-lane." This made me think of the mark that I should have in my side from repeated contusion. "Talking of Mark-lane," said tradesman on my right, (the owner of the goading glass) "corn went off dull to day." "Yes Sir," interrupted builder, the *vis a vis*, "but my corn comes off sharp enough from your treading on it. Zooks, Sir, can't you look about you, stamping on a man's toe, as if it was the step of a door." "Ask your pardon," said the corn merchant. "So you ought," angrily returned the man of brick; "it goes to my very heart." "Oh!" exclaimed the sensitive lady, "oh! Sir, pray, Sir, how you do nudge me on the ribs. I'm sure you've made me all black and blue." "Sorry for that, Miss, but folks must sit as they can." Any change must be for the better in point of color, thought I, for the lady was as dead a lime white as ever I beheld. "Pray, Sir, (recovering herself and addressing herself to me,) "what do they say of the catholic question? are the bishops?" Here a sudden pull up, and an introduction of number six stopped her inquiries for a moment, and she begged the new passenger to take the middle, observing, "I never could ride bodkin in my life, be so complaisant." But passenger number six, with an umbrella

under his arm, was not so complaisant; "Madam!" answered he, "I could not stand the heat a moment, if I was thrust in between you and that gentleman beside you; moreover, I should be sick as a horse, if I did not sit with my head out of the window all the way," and so saying, he proved himself to be fond of *backing* his opinions, by turning to the right about, and by shoving Miss on the builder's lap. "I wish you would take less room, Miss," was the consequence of this contact of persons. "I'm sure, Sir, your room would be preferable to your company," quoth she, a little nettled; "I never came in *contract* with so disagreeable a body in my life; but, perhaps, Sir," (meaning me,) "you would change places with me?" "Most willingly, Ma'am," so in she got betwixt cheese and spy-glass—"Oh! my," (trepidatingly articulated she), "what have you got in your pocket? it's an air-gun, or a blunderbush, I dare swear, and if it should go off, we shall be blown up, killed and murdered." "It's only a glass, Miss."—"Yes, but then,"—"Miss, it's in a case."—"Oh! that is a different case; well, Sir, and the catholic question?"—"Get out of the way, you Irish rebel, you ragamuffin, with your donkey, and your potatoe cart," sung out coachee, "or else I'll capsize you and your rubbidge; a pretty pair of you, you are—man and beast, I wouldn't give a mag for the whole boiling of you."—"Arragh! come down from your woosack, if you please, it's only your elevation that *proticks* you, if you'd put yourself on a *futing* wid me, and give me fair play, I'd show you another story;" a smack of the whip in scorn put an end to the colloquy, and a hearty laugh disposed of the catholic question." "Coachee!" cried Miss, through the window, "you are carrying matters too far, that is to say, you are carrying me too far; you was to have me set down at Stone's end, and now you are driving me off to Lunnun bridge." A general laugh, "well done, Miss." "Set me down direct-

ly"—"Wo, oh!" cried coachee to his nags, (to the lady,) "well Miss, you got all this way for nothing." "Yes, young man, but then that's out of my way; good morning, gentlemen, your servant, Madam."—Here was another take up, a lame man with crutches: "Where are you going to, Sir," (coachee on his being squeezed in)—"Vy to Crutched Friars," said the cad, which excited much mirth; "I hope," observed the builder, "that he has nothing to do with the friars:" here I was afraid the catholic question would come on again, but the rattling of the pavement, and the passing coaches in the narrow part of the Borough, put all questions at rest, and so shook the corn-factor, that it must have gone *against the grain* indeed—out of his pocket fell a sample, which was all trampled under foot, he was disconsolate, for he had none like it to produce; this came from the introduction of the devil upon two sticks, (for he played the devil with the corn-merchant); an intelligent look between the brother tradesmen conveyed their wishes as to him, namely, that they wished that he had crossed the Styx (or sticks) before he came into their company. "I hope," said the grave builder, "that we sha'nt have *no more* takes up."—"Why

there's no room for any more," contemptuously replied the corn-factor, "unless we set one down soon." "There again!" cried the builder; "you need not set your foot upon mine whether or not—" he was going to rap out an oath; "My good fellow," quoth I, "do not be so hasty, you are more frightened than hurt;" so it proved to be. On we went, but no signs of a move, dead silence, and no *set down* yet. In this interval, I reflected that all life is like a stage-coach, and the journey proceeds with a constant change of passengers, ups and downs, inequalities of fortune and of ground, are encountered together, bad companions and good companions, and all off in a short time. We scarcely make acquaintance together, but separation and regret follow: every stage of life and of the road has its asperities; if we are tacked to a troublesome partner, or fellow traveller, the journey is rough and uncheering indeed. Yes, life and a stage-coach journey resemble very much; but as we have said so much upon "*takes up*" our next communication to our friends, shall be on "*sets down*;" if we are favored with a *place* in your conveyance of knowledge and amusement.

A STAGE-COACH TRAVELLER.

VARIETIES.

LECTURE ON EYES.

WE have heard of Lectures on Heads, Lectures on Hearts, and Lectures on Noses; but never, I believe, Lectures on *Eyes*, which, in my opinion, (and I am sure all the ladies will think with me,) would form as proper and as fertile a subject for a lecturer's wit, humour, and acumen, as any that the whole compass of nature affords. The eyes are not only the most potent of beauty's features, but the most luminous interpreters of our thoughts and passions. What the head thinks, they are generally competent to expound, and what the

heart often feels, no language but theirs can tell. To effect the diversity of their important purposes, nature has endowed them with as various powers. They can look angry or pleased, fierce or mild, threatening or alluring, bold or fearful, bright or dull, according to the settled character, or casual whims of their owner. Hence, we have the sleepy eye, and the sparkling eye; the vacant eye, and the staring eye; the heavy eye, and the piercing eye; the gloomy eye, and the laughing eye; the melting eye, and the fiery eye; the piteous eye, and the disdainful eye; the

complaisant eye, and the frenzied eye; the bold eye, and the bashful eye; the timid eye, and the languishing eye; the leering eye, and the sheep's eye. Thus, while they look into every thing, they express every thing; they both examine and decide, consult and advise, solicit and dictate, inquire and reply; and while they depend on the world's sciences for all their knowledge, frequently tell the world more than it knows. They preside not only at all private, but all public meetings; the language of the senate, the pulpit, and the stage, would often be inexplicable without their illustrative aid; and deprived of their soul-thrilling intelligence, love scenes would lose their very essence and their name.

You perceive then, how ample a scope is that magic circle in which the power of the eye "lives, moves, and has its being." How, as the poet declares it, "in a fierce phrensy rolling, glances from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth," and spurns even the extent of nature's verge; and how immeasurable an advantage a judicious lecturer might derive from so transcendent and potent a subject. I am the more urgent in pressing these remarks upon the public attention, on account of the interest the Ladies have in its discussion. Theirs, after all, is the principal province of ocular influence. Theirs is the enchanted sphere in which the eye rolls and rules, lightens and inflames, penetrates and electrifies, kindles and dissolves: a power which, as they best know how to employ, they may best be trusted with; and which (a consideration that I am sure will weigh most with you) belongs to them of natural right, and would not willingly be deprived or diminished by any man.

ART OF BAKING.

A machine for accelerating the fermentation of flour has been invented at Lausanne in Switzerland. It consists, simply, of a round box of pine-wood, a foot in diameter, and two feet long, placed upon gudgeons,

and put into motion by a handle or winch, resembling exactly the cylinder used for burning coffee. An opening is made on one side for receiving the dough. The time necessary for fermentation depends upon the temperature, the rapidity of its motion, and many other circumstances; but, when the paste is properly raised, the operator discovers it by the hissing sound of the fixed air, as it rushes out of the machine. It never fails to work well, and requires, at most, half an hour's attention. The labour is nothing, as a child can turn the machine. If made longer, and divided into compartments, it would serve for the preparation of several kinds of paste at the same time. This machine offers the double advantage of raising paste expeditiously and to the exact degree required.

AUTOMATONS.

The most *wonderful* exhibition—at all events one of the most *curious* exhibitions—in London, is;—a collection of mechanical and musical *automata*, at the New Gothic Hall, in the Haymarket. First, we have "The Juvenile Artist," who (or *which*) in *three* minutes, produces, in the presence of the spectators, a free and graceful sketch—Cupid, perhaps, in a triumphal car—and, if not quite satisfied with his performance, he retouches it; his (or *its*) eyes apparently directed to, and moving over, the paper on which the drawing is executed.

Then appears a "Musical Lady," rather larger than the Infant Lyra, who plays several airs, with much grace of movement and sweet expression of countenance; her tell-tale eyes looked unutterable things, her bosom palpitating with virgin tenderness and truth.

Next we have a "Rope-dancer," of wonderful agility;—a "Walking Figure," self-balanced, the *ne plus ultra* of mechanism;—a "Siberian Mouse," set with pearls, that plays all manner of tricks;—a "Taran-tula Spider," whose rapidity of approach might scare a fine lady;—a

"Humming Bird," that springs out of a gold-enamelled snuff-box, warbles several tunes, and then hops in again;—a "Serpent," wrought in gold, with diamond eyes;—an "Egyptian Lizard;"—an "Eihiopian Caterpillar," &c.

Nothing, however, pleased us more, than "The Magician," who (or *which*) answers questions most oracularly. We inquired—not doubting, by the bye—"whether there were any women in heaven;" the sage replied, in the true spirit of chivalry, "there could be no heaven without them." We wished him to tell us "whether we were married or single;" he said "we knew ourselves, otherwise he would inform us."

The whole of this most amusing exhibition is admirably managed, and affords an astonishing, perhaps an unequalled display of mechanical skill.

FRESH WATER.

As a means of preserving water at sea, an officer of the name of Ruyter recommends the use of a composition of resin and olive-oil well mixed with brick-dust, to which he gives the consistence of varnish. He renders the resin adherent by melting it with olive-oil, which unites itself with great facility to iron, with which it becomes perfectly combined when applied to it very hot. Its combination with the brick-dust gives it a sufficient degree of solidity without altering its adherent quality. This plastering, when applied to the inside of the casks, is not liable to be dissolved by water, which, on the contrary, increases its hardness, while it preserves the iron on the outside from being rusted. The author states, that he has employed this composition for several years on casks bound with iron hoops, which underwent no oxydization, and therefore rendered the use of pitch unnecessary.

HONESTY EXEMPLIFIED.

A set of parish officers in a country village applied to Snetzler, a celebrated organ builder, to examine their organ, and make improvements in it;

—"Gentlemen," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hundred pound just now.—Vell, I will spend you von hundred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

THE INCONSTANT.

Al! Mary, smile not at my woes,
Nor mock my just upbraiding;
When you to Henry gave that rose,
Your love to me was fading.

I sacred held the oaths you swore,
Then wherefore can you wonder:
When Mary Henry's favours wore,
Our ties were rent asunder.

There's but one love—one way of love—
Whole, changeless, and confiding;
Let but a doubt th' enchantment move,
And where's the spell abiding.

RAGE FOR DANCING IN IRELAND.

The Irish seem to be as fond of exercise of this kind as the French. Among the middle ranks of the community, says the author of Letters from the Irish Highlands, the servants of the family commonly amuse themselves, on a Sunday evening, by dancing together; and, among the peasants, it is so favourite an accomplishment, that some of their hard-earned tenpennies are bestowed upon those itinerant masters who move from village to village, remaining just as long in each as they can find scholars and potatoes sufficient for their maintenance. Even in this wild corner, we have our votaries of Terpsichore, and receive occasional visits from the professors of her mysteries. A young man came to us from the county of Mayo, with his violin in his hand; exercising at the same time two professions, which would hardly be deemed compatible in a more civilized country. He was a tailor and a dancing-master. The remuneration which he demanded appeared to me large when compared with the means of payment possessed by his pupils; but very inadequate, when compared with the sum that is necessary for a man's support, even on a diet of potatoes. For a course of eighteen lessons he received two tenpennies. The lessons were given four

or five times in the week. The free and hospitable character of the people, I have no doubt, ensured him his lodging in some one of the cabins, and he probably made something by his other trade; for I was told that he was a reputable young man, "a rich fellow enough," as Dogberry would say; "one that had two gowns, and every thing handsome about him." It was from one of my fair customers that I heard an account of the death of this dancing-master, who fell a victim to the typhus fever. She was a shrewd, dark-eyed little woman, who came to purchase some of the English clothes. I brought her out calico, flannel, grey linsey-woolsey. No: they were not what she wanted. What was it, then? "The green petticoat." It was linsey-woolsey of a bright pea-green color. Her eyes sparkled when I produced it. "Sure then, and it's a pretty petticoat. Isn't it elegant now?" But, as soon as it was unfolded, her brow was again clouded. What was the matter? The answer was in Irish, and my interpreter laughed while she translated, "too narrow for dancing." My little friend, who was indeed neither young nor unmarried, nodded her head very sagaciously; "Och sure then, and it's entirely too narrow,"--and she thrust out her legs, in a *pas de Zephyr*, that most certainly required an additional breadth. I smiled to think what our English friends would have said to this strange objection against their petticoats.

ST HELENA.

The sepulchre of Napoleon has occasioned a discussion that has much occupied the attention of Government and the East India Company. Mr Torbet (proprietor of the earth where repose the remains of the man who, at one time, grasped the empire of the world) speculated that he should gain £300 or £400 a-year, by imposing a tax on the curiosity of the numerous visitors of the spot. The authorities of the island attempted to do away with this mo-

nopoly, when Mr Torbet demanded that the body should be exhumed, and placed elsewhere. The Government put a stop to this scandalous proceeding, and ordered the East-India Company to pay a sum of £500 to Mr Torbet, on condition that the body of Napoleon be suffered to remain in its present place of interment. This has been accepted; and the celebrated tomb may now be visited without charge.

AUTHOR OF JUNIUS.

A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. 8vo. 14s. London, June, 1825.

Like every one else who had studied the controversies relative to Junius, we were strongly prepossessed in favour of Sir Philip Francis's claims; and although the present volume has certainly shaken that conviction, it has by no means removed it. Mr Coventry has made out what our lawyers would term a good *prima facie* case against Lord George Sackville, which, in the absence of other claimants, would be quite sufficient to justify us in pronouncing him to be the author of Junius. That his lordship and Junius were identical, has been frequently suspected. Sir William Draper, to whom the inquiry was one of some interest, attributed the authorship of Junius to Lord George; and Mr Woodfall, to whom an application was made by Mr Coventry, asserted that his father (the correspondent of Junius) at times suspected the same nobleman.

The character and history of Lord George undoubtedly give a colour to the supposition; and it is rather from the general congruity of these with the tenor and spirit of Junius's writings, than from any minute chain of circumstantial evidence, that we are led to infer the identity of his lordship and Junius. Mr C. has traced, with much success, the acerbity and violence with which Junius attacks the characters of various individuals,

to the wounded feelings which the affair of Minden inspired in the breast of Lord G. Sackville towards those who took an active part against him upon that occasion. On the other hand, he has attempted to shew that some of those who suffered from the pen of Junius, were persons whom Sir Philip Francis had reason to regard.

A WARY CREDITOR.

A dashing gentleman, who was not reckoned among the number of the best paymasters, visiting his hatter, fixed upon one of the hats in the shop which he wished to have sent home upon credit: this being refused, he exclaimed "What! do you refuse to give me credit for a hat?" when the hatter replied, I have another trifling objection besides that of merely giving you credit—I should not like to be under the necessity of bowing to my *own hat* till you may choose to pay for it.

SHOOTING.

Two shooting matches took place recently for 10l. each, near Limerick, between Mr P. G. an American gentleman, and Mr B. B. of the county of Clare, and were both won by the latter hitting nine single halfpence flung successively into the air with velocity, and three potatoes similarly thrown at a hat twenty yards distant. Mr G. lost by missing one halfpenny out of the nine, and the three potatoes.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A vixen fox, with three very young cubs, which had been dug out of an earth in the neighbourhood, was brought a few days ago to John Barling, Esq, of Nowdes, near Sittingbourne, Eng. and which were confined in an out-building from which the mother escaped, and sacrificed those maternal feelings for her progeny, for the love of liberty, which were afterwards in an extraordinary manner evinced by a cat in the complete adoption of the deserted family. She took the cubs, of which she is

excessively fond, and faithfully fulfils all the offices of a real mother, both in suckling them, and showing the same anxiety and care for their protection which she naturally would for her own kittens.

FRENCH STREETS.

It is chiefly to Louis XIV. that Paris is indebted for the improvement of the streets and public roads. At the beginning of his reign the ladies seldom went out except on mules, and the gentlemen wore buskins. A Spaniard, on the day of his arrival at Paris, seeing them thus equipped, inquired, "*si toute la ville partain en poste?*" This monarch opened many new streets, and enlarged and paved those in which carriages could not pass. Dulaure relates, that in each of the streets the bust of the king, wearing an enormous court wig, was placed in a conspicuous situation.

The earliest record of the streets of Paris being lighted at night is of the year 1465, when Louis XI. issued an ordinance, enjoining a lantern to be placed before every house by its occupier. In the reign of Francis I., Paris being infested by thieves and assassins, whose crimes kept the inhabitants in constant dread of the approach of night, that monarch issued an ordinance in 1524, commanding every householder "to place at nine o'clock in the evening, at the window of the first story, a lantern containing a *lighted* candle, as a preservative against the attacks *des mauvais garçons*. At this period no one walked in the streets after sunset without a lantern.

AQUATIC WAGER.

On Tuesday, June 7, an officer of the 7th Hussars laid a wager that he would ride his horse through the centre arch of Hampton-bridge. The current was very strong and deep at the time, and he made two or three unsuccessful attempts, but at length accomplished the task amidst the cheers of the spectators.